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# PLUMER'S MANHOOD.

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Annie M. Cox.

# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST;

A SERIES OF

# POEMS.

BY WILLIAM PLUMER, JR.

Now turn again my team, thou jolly swain,
Back to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twain,
Unploughed, the which my coulter had not cleft.
SPENSER.

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BOSTON:
TAPPAN AND DENNET.
1843.

EXETER:
FRANCIS GRANT'S OFFICE.

# PREFACE.

The reader of a former volume, written by the author of the present, will recognise, in this, the continuation of a work, which was there left unfinished. To those who have not seen that volume, it may be necessary to say, that the original design embraced a series of poems, in which the progress of Human Life should be traced from infancy to old age. The part formerly published was devoted to Youth; the subject of the present is Manhood; as that of the next (should another follow) will be Age. But though thus connected, in design, each forms a separate work, complete in itself, without reference to the two other parts.

A design, so comprehensive, admitted of great variety, both in the selection of topics, and in the mode of their treatment. To bring the work within reasonable

bounds, as well as from considerations mentioned in the former volume, the author, instead of considering Life in the abstract, or exhibiting the opinions and adventures of an imaginary hero, has made his own thoughts and actions the nucleus, round which to throw the interest of his work. He is not ignorant of the just ridicule which attaches to the minute reminiscences of obscure individuals; nor does he expect the sympathy of the reader, any further than his descriptions and his sentiments may correspond to the truth of nature; to that broad general nature, that common humanity, which, whether in narratives of real life, or in works of fiction, is the only true foundation of either historic, or poetic interest. Truth of sentiment, and justness of description are, at all times, and under all circumstances, interesting; whether the person described be a prince or a peasant, a statesman or a private citizen, world-famous, or known only in the narrow circle of his friends. "Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto." Man and his thoughts, his actions and his emotions, can never be indifferent to his fellow man; and to secure an interest in any account of him, it is only necessary that we have the true man before us, and not some false presentation of him.

The general plan of the work (from which however there are occasional deviations) is, that each sonnet, or short poem, should express the opinion, the sentiment, or the feeling, proper to the occasion, the event, or the state of mind, to which it relates. If business or leisure, study or amusement, activity or repose, public employment or domestic seclusion, youth, manhood, or age, long life, or an early grave, have appeared, at different times, preferable the one to the other, the author has endeavoured to give to the feeling of the moment its appropriate expression; regardless of other views and feelings, which, at other times, may, in their turn, have been equally strong with him. Desirous chiefly that the verse should be true to the mood of mind from which it sprung, he has aimed at no real or apparent uniformity of thought, or expression; and least of all, has he studied to express himself always alike; for the obvious reason that he has not always thought or felt alike. These inconsistencies of human nature, the varying lights and shades of life, he has sought rather to bring out, and exhibit, than to excuse, or conceal.

But notwithstanding the variety of topics introduced, and the different aspects under which they are presented, it is hoped that the reader will perceive some-

thing like the feeling of a whole, arising in him, as he proceeds; and that the work, according to an idea of Goethe, in reference to a far different book, will be found, at once, fragmentary enough to excite curiosity, and full enough to satisfy it.

EPPING, N. H.
February 9, 1843.

# DEDICATION

TO

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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Long years are past, since, first, in Harvard halls,
Thine ardour roused me: pupil there I heard
Such strains of quickening eloquence as stirred
Youth's inmost soul; fond memory yet recalls
High hopes, ambitious aims, and proud desires,
Caught there in contact with thy kindling fires:
And who can tell how much of after life
Is fashioned to the stamp, which genius prints
On thoughts of ductile youth; what hues and tints
Are there inwrought, which fade not in the strife
Of later years. My guide, in days of youth!
My manhood's friend! to thee the grateful muse
Glad homage pays; nor thou the lay refuse,
To genius due, to virtue, friendship, truth.

## CONTENTS.

HOME—My Father—The Law—One and Twenty—Despondency—Courage—The Choice—Cheerful Labour—Practice—The Manly Mind—Sickness—Loss of Early Friends—Stevens—Bird—Eliot—Windship—Early Worth—My Sister's Marriage—To Emma—At the Grave—The Unseen Guide—The Return—The Angler—The Sportsman—A day at the Great Boar's Head, Hampton Beach.

# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK FIRST.

## EARLY MANHOOD.

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### HOME.

Once more beneath the parent roof! once more
My native air I breathe; and seek again
My native haunts, in valley, hill, and plain,
By stream, by fountain; in wide forests hoar,
Mid whose primeval gloom I nursed, of yore,
The love of nature. Still o'er heart and brain
These scenes, unchanged, their former power retain:
Alike unchanged, is still that mother here,
Tender and careful, as, while yet a child,
My griefs she soothed, and checked my transports wild:
They too are here, my brothers, kind, sincere,
And she, ah! well beloved! my sister dear;
With thee, my sire! all loves in one combined,
Friend, guardian, guide, and parent of my mind.

## MY FATHER.

Yes, Parent of my mind! to thee I owe
What'er of generous scorn for vice I feel,
Or love of virtue: early, with wise zeal,
Twas thine to me the fountains pure to show,
Whence living streams of lasting knowledge flow.
Untaught in schools, thy spirit yet discerned
Life's deepest lore, in action surest learned.
Sagacious of mankind, twas thine to try
Early the walks of life; with skill to know,
And strength to follow, where thy steady eye,
Mid shifting scenes, the glittering prize could spy,
Which fame and fortune on the wise bestow.
Alas! that I so ill should profit yet,
So slow to learn, so ready to forget.

## THE LAW.

### I.

The world lies wide before me. Where to go,
What paths to follow, mid what scenes abide,
Craves caution now; for much of weal or wo
Rests on the choice, as wisdom may decide,
Or folly turn the slender stream aside
Of wavering purpose, doubtful where to flow:
Happy herein, that I have safest guide

In thee, my father! Welcome then the strife,
The care, the labour; so, like thine, my day
Pass brightly on, mid honor's thronged array,
In courts of law, and scenes of public life.
Be mine to follow,—far as fates allow,—
In that bright track, where Coke erst led the way,
Where Mansfield shone, and Marshall triumphs now!

## II.

How calm the quiet of this sylvan shade!
Where, wealth and want unknown, our studious toil
Nor heeds the city's pomp, nor village broil;
But blest with leisure, in the tranquil glade,
No cares molest us, and no wants invade.
Ah! happy days of home bred joy, so spent,
In rest and toil alternate,—hiving still
The sweets of science, drinking from the rill
Of copious knowledge. Seasons came and went,
Light winged, unburdened. Hope her nameless charm
O'er all diffused: the World unsought, unknown,
At distance seen, in gaudy splendour shone;
Nor doubt came yet, to sadden or alarm,
Nor envy here her withering blast had blown.

## ONE AND TWENTY.

Last night, methought, on wings of flame,
I saw the hours their flight delay,
As slowly to my couch they came,
To bring once more my natal day:

And thus they spake, Thy Youth is past,
Thy boyish days forever flown;
Those idle hours are on the blast,
Which thoughtless childhood calls her own.

The fleeting joys, to youth decreed,
Fast hasten to their destined end;
Maturer years must now succeed,
And Manhood's sterner cares attend.

Rouse then to nobler aims thy mind,
And wake from sloth thy struggling soul;
Call into life each thought refined,
And every meaner wish control.

If wisdom o'er thy course preside,
Fortune shall lend her cheering smile,
Virtue thy steps to honor guide,
And love's delights life's cares beguile.

Speed then, I cried, your rapid flight,
And buoyant on your wings of fire,
Bear hence, to realms of endless night,
Those joys that wake, but to expire.

Be mine the task, through rugged ways,
Truth's hidden treasures to explore;
With fearless step to tread the maze,
Which Jones and Blackstone trod before.

For this, farewell each low desire,
Farewell gay pleasure's gilded train;
To those proud heights my hopes aspire,
Where Justice holds her awful reign.

And oh! farewell the lovely Muse,
The graceful forms that round her tend,
Since Themis' accents still refuse
With Phœbus' sprightlier strains to blend.

Welcome long toil and care sedate,
The studious brow, abstemious cheer;
The sober thoughts, that patient wait
On daily business, welcome here.

Welcome,—thrice welcome, so ye bring
Content, the child of steady aim;
If, nobler yet, from labour spring
A mind matured, a healthful frame.

If these on active life attend,
If fame, if fortune, be their meed,
What matters it that Youth must end,
Since Manhood's nobler joys succeed.

## DESPONDENCY.

How painful is his task, whom duty's voice
  Bids on, while yet the weary sense hangs back!
  With mind o'erwrought, and jaded spirits slack,
The toil, that late was happy labour's choice,
  Seems folly now, or madness. Sore perplext
  With case, and comment, statute, reading, text,
Almost, at times, the student could rejoice,
  So deeply doth the task his spirit try,
  "To shut the book, and sit him down and die!"
What folly then, he cries, to load each hour
  With thankless labour, — toiling like the bee,
That hives his honey from each opening flower,
  Yet doomed at last his treasured wealth to see
Rifled, — nor 'scape himself the spoiler's power.

## COURAGE.

True — life is labour, — and the care bestowed
  Oft fills another's garner — be it so —
  Yet, not for that, the cares of life forego,
Nor sink effeminate beneath the load.
  Wealth, honor, power, each good to mortals dear,
  Is rounded in the Lawyer's ample sphere
Of wide and varied duties. Patient thought

Brings order from confusion: deep, yet clear,
Subtile, yet sound, 'tis his, unharmed, to steer,
His flexile course, through mazes deep inwrought
With fraud and folly: armed with reason's spear,
With learning's shield, the rapier keen as bright
Of ready wit, he knows to guard the right,
Aid truth, and bar oppression's proud career.

## THE CHOICE.

While on couch of down reclining,
Sloth has laid his restless head,
Labour throws him, unrepining,
On the earth, his welcome bed.
By no fancied cares opprest,
He from toil hath won his rest:
Airy visions, fancies gay,
Cheer his dreams till dawn of day.

Sloth, meantime, unsleeping, numbers,
Stroke on stroke, the hours of night;
Or, if lost in fitful slumbers,
Wakes mid dreams of wild affright:
Nor, till when the morning sun
Far his upward course has run,
Rises languid, sore distrest,
Restless, from his bed of rest.

Cheerful Labour carols gay,
With the lark his song up-sending;
Healthful, happy, day by day,
Fearless, busy, onward tending.
Doubtful, wavering, full of fears,
Sloth no voice of duty hears;
Faint, desponding, anxious still,
Toil he shuns, and time would kill.

Choose thy part then: thou may'st follow
Visions vain of fancied ease,
In the slough of sloth to wallow;
Or, intent the prize to seize,
Gird thy loins, and, prompt of hand,
Cheerful take the ready stand,
Where glad Labour, ne'er in vain,
Strives the joys of life to gain.

## CHEERFUL LABOUR.

Study, thought, and contemplation,
These are well, but are not all:
Thou must reach a higher station,
Would'st thou answer nature's call.

Life has duties, that allow
Narrow space for dreamy vision;
Duties that demand, e'en now,
Prudence, forethought, care, precision.

Prudence, and firm heart are needful,
Sad and painful ploding never:
If of love and labour heedful,
Joy is thine, and thine forever:

Love, that lives in healthful labour,
Thought, that ponders void of fear,
Hand to help, at need, thy neighbour,
Cheerful heart, and conscience clear.

Be't as master, rival, lover,
Hold thy truth from harshness free;
While, to all, thy deeds discover
Large and liberal charity.

Follow justice, clear, precise,
Marking well the bounds that sever
Virtue's realms from realms of vice;
Strict, yet stern, or scornful never.

Late and early, scatter wide
Deeds, that love and kindness cherish;
Some will fail thee; some abide,
Nor in age, or sadness perish.

With good will, thy service give thou,
Largely, gladly, to thy kind;
Yet, of none the slave, still live thou,
Mid thy labours, free of mind:

Freest, e'en when toiling hardest,
To advance the good of others;

Rich thyself, since thou regardest
All men as thy friends and brothers.

And should cares of earth assail thee,
(As thou need'st must suffer ill,)
Conscious virtue will avail thee,
Life's best wishes to fulfil.

Forward still thy high career
Bears thee on, with restless motion;
Like yon stream, whose waters clear
Pause not till they rest in ocean.

And thy recompense of gain,
Be it honor, power, or treasure,
Comes, unenvied, free from stain,
Crowning life's long toil with leisure.

Life with leisure, when thy day,
In the mellow west reposing,
Melts in twilight soft away,
As its shades are round thee closing.

Now, its rays are streaming brightly,
Round the paths of life before thee:
Up, and tread them, boldly, lightly,
Fear not, doubt not, hope shines o'er thee.

Fear not, doubt not, 'tis thy portion,
Opening Manhood's choicest treasure,
Still to move, and find in motion,
Find in toil, life's sweetest pleasure.

# PRACTICE.

## I.

And I have passed the barrier now, and stand
  Armed in the arena; girt with rivals round,
  Rivals, yet friends; with champions far renowned
For quick resource, for knowledge at command,
  For tempers tried and trained. The Lawyer's lot,—
  To elbow in the crowd, and fear it not;
To fight another's battles, oft borne back,
Yet ne'er subdued, impetuous in attack,
  As wary in defence; to give the shot,
Or take, alike prepared, is now my task;
  If well or ill performed, if on the track
My course be steady here, oh! do not ask;
  Th' attempt at least is glorious; and the strife
  Gives strength to hope, and energy to life.

## II.

'Tis wise, betimes, to mingle in the fray,
  To bare the sinewy arms, the nerves to brace;
  To start, undoubting, in life's glorious race;
To push, with steady aim, that scorns delay,

Fearless, through adverse ranks, our onward way,
Till skill and vigour in the strife prevail.
The stream but stagnates, while its waters lay,
Spread, fen-like, dark, unreached by sun or gale,
In pools of pestilence, and rank decay:
But swept, in rapid motion, down the vale,
It ripples into life, with current clear,
Strong, healthful, joyous, though with storm and wind
And rocky bank familiar: such the rough career
That hardens into strength the toil-strung mind.

## III.

Action, 'tis action, that our powers must try,
Not study, thought, seclusion: these alone
But arm us for the fight, yet ne'er make known
Our skill or prowess, while inert they lie;
Motion is life; and we must do or die.
Our thoughts are fruitless, till in action shown,
Till power displayed, on adverse power o'erthrown,
Give strength to purpose, that may fear defy.
Power hast thou gained, or knowledge? Put to use
Thy talent then; to hoard it is abuse,
Nay, worse, is sin: hand, tongue, or pen,
What'er thy weapon, void of fear or doubt,
Mix boldly, gladly, with thy fellow men,
And work, with earnest heart, thy purpose out.

## THE MANLY MIND.

The wisdom of the worldly wise
  Is but a babble vain:
The cautious maxims, they so prize,
  Of soul-absorbing gain;

Their paltry savings, to secure
  The wealth they dare not spend;
Their pockets rich, their spirits poor,
  Too poor to aid a friend;

The sordid selfishness, that shuns,
  By word or deed, to shew
That blood of human kindness runs
  In veins so cold and blue!

Give me the heart of manly mould,
  That leaps with joy to life;
The liberal hand, the spirit bold,
  That shrinks not, e'en from strife:

That follows peace, but open, free,
  Disdains all base concealing;
Yet prompt, mid scenes of strife, to see,
  The signs of gentler feeling:

That values wealth, but for its use;
  Holds office, but to yield
The weak its aid, to check abuse,
  And throw o'er right its shield:

That dares be true to virtues cause,
Though dearest friends oppose;
That values fame, yet scorns applause
When won from virtue's foes.

Such heart is rich, though small its store,
Is blest, though fortune frown;
While he, who wants such heart, is poor,
Though wealth his labors crown.

## SICKNESS.

### I.

Our life how insecure! Disease of late
Hath shook me with the wrench of thrilling pain:
Fever, that shoots his fire through heart and brain,
Has stretched me on the couch of sudden fate,
In conflict dire with death: if felt again
The anguish of that hour, all hope is vain,
And life must find, e'en here, its destined date.
How bitter! thus, in manhood's dawn, to part
From hope's gay visions, seen in prospect bright,
And ne'er before so cherished by the heart,
As now, when fading from my aching sight.
How can I bid each darling hope adieu,
So little yet enjoyed, so much in view:
How shroud life's morn in shades of sudden night!

II.

How long, or how employed; if good or ill
On life attend, or early death be best,
He only knows, to whose benign behest
Humbly I bow, obedient to his will.
E'en when disease seemed hastening to fulfil
On me his aim, regret, far more than fear,
Saddened the scene. How hard to leave, untried,
The joys, in rich profusion scattered wide,
By liberal nature proffered freely here
Ambition's lofty aims, the hopes of gain,
Love's gentle wiles, and pleasure's laughing train.
Ah! cruel Death! to strike, in youthful pride,
The happy down; while want and wo remain,
And age oft asks thy timely aid in vain.

## LOSS OF EARLY FRIENDS.

We grew like brothers, side by side,
In fearless fellowship of youth;
In thought, in feeling, near allied,
In pleasure's search, and search of truth.

In generous rivalship of fame,
That knew no gall of bitterness,
While each would highest honors claim,
None wished another's merit less.

No, let him triumph, if his power
A brighter wreath than ours obtain;
He shall not want, to grace his hour,
Our band to swell his lengthened train.

He shall not want, his fame to swell,
The plaudit that on worth attends;
He shall not want, that worth to tell,
The warm applause of rival friends.

How proud our boast! that honor's breath
With lasting wreaths their toils would crown;
Nor dreamed we then thy shafts, O death!
Would bring, so soon, such high hopes down.

But ah! when friends so loved depart,
How vain seems life's sad pageant here;
Its noblest boast the bleeding heart,
Its richest gem the starting tear!

## STEVENS.

What time the herds their pasture leave,
And flocks to fold repair,
I wander forth, at dewy eve,
To soothe my lonely care.

Alone, where, Stevens! oft with thee
In social pleasure joined,

I strayed, the setting sun to see,
Or breathe the evening wind;

The balmy breath of evening mild,
With song of thrush retired,
Whose mellow notes the ear beguiled,
Unseen, not less admired.

How gently, to our thoughts, the power
Of plastic nature there
Shaped, from all forms, in twilight's hour,
The beautiful and fair!

The wooded hill, the cultured plain,
The valley's rich array
Of tasselled corn, of yellow grain,
Of grass, and tedded hay;

The simplest sounds, from earth that come,
Can tales of pleasure tell;
E'en rustling leaf, and insect's hum,
Our hearts with joy can swell.

The low soft murmur of the wind,
As evening closes round,
Is music to the thoughtful mind,
That lists its plaintive sound.

Mid song of bird, and scent of rose,
And flush of fading skies,
Our kindling hearts, from earth's repose,
On wings of rapture rise.

How warm with generous faith they glow,
While gazing on the stars,
That shed their light of love below,
To wean from mortal jars;

To turn our weary steps from earth,
Back to their native home,
Mid purer joys of nobler birth,
Through richer fields to roam.

So bright they shine, so softly pure,
So mild each gentle ray,
They seem, as stationed to allure
Our souls from earth away.

Then wherefore, Stevens! should I grieve
That virtue, such as thine,
So early won the envied leave
From labour to recline;

From labour here of anxious thought,
That toils for rest in vain;
Where seeming good, with care long sought,
Turns oft to sudden pain;

To sudden pain, when, surest won,
We deem the prize our own:
Yet find too soon, our labour done,
We grasp a shade alone.

A shade of fancied bliss we hold,
Where most our spirits toiled,

Its bright form changed, the warm blood cold,
Of life and beauty spoiled.

But thou art gone, where shadows turn
To substance once again;
And those, our griefs on earth inurn,
Their youthful forms regain;

Their youthful forms, with added grace
And beauties of the mind;
With nobler joys than here find place,
And pleasures more refined.

## BIRD.

Ambition was the glorious sin,
That in his bosom reared her throne,
That quelled all meaner aims within,
And reigned unrivalled and alone.

On him the star of glory shed
The only light his eye could see;
Fixed ever on the mighty dead,
Those heirs of immortality!

On him it shone, no meteor light,
From lower skies that came,
But high, enduring, broad as bright,
A central fire of living flame.

On him each muse of science smiled,
Nor less each grace of gentler power;
Till seeming rivals, reconciled,
Shed blessings on his natal hour.

Reason was his, excursive, strong;
Subtile the folds of art to pierce;
Nor less did fancy's powers belong
To him who claims this mournful verse.

But ah! what pencil's tints can trace
Though dipped in colours of the sky,
The pride, the fire, the manly grace,
That darted from his ardent eye!

But failing flesh could ill sustain
The spirit's flight, the toil, the strife,
The proud contempt, that mocked at pain,
That glory sought, but prized not life.

And yet, how bitter to that heart,
Which with the mightiest fain would cope,
The call, thus sudden, to depart,
Unproved, unknown, in dawn of hope.

Wide wandering from his home, he fell,
Where stranger hands, with mournful care,
Shaped, for his rest, earth's narrow cell,
And laid Ambition's votary there.

A tale begun, but left untold,
A broken shaft, a harp unstrung;

In these his emblems we behold,
The brave, the beautiful, the young!

## ELIOT.

How quickly fade, in manhood's prime,
The brightest hues of earthly bloom;
While sweetest flowers of mortal time
But shed their odours round the tomb.

Then Eliot! why should I deplore
The hour that closed thy brief career;
Or ask, thy destined trials o'er,
That thou should'st longer linger here?

His life is long, who lives to do
The work the wise task master gave;
And his but short, whose friends must view,
Though late, his dark dishonored grave.

And who can tell but he, whose breast
Is wrung with warm emotion now,
May envy soon thy quiet rest,
The calmness of that tranquil brow.

Who knows but grief may be his lot,
Through years of labour, care and strife;
Or worse, that stain of guilt may blot
His mingled web of clouded life!

I would not then, dear friend! recall
Thy rescued spirit from the skies;
Nor seek thy virtue to inthral
Again with weight of fleshly ties.

My devious course may wind, awhile,
Through varied scenes of joy or gloom;
But storms that lower, and skies that smile,
Alike conduct us to the tomb.

The bliss is his, who early gains
The spirit's land of purer day;
To us, the darker doom remains
Of harder toil, and longer way.

## WINDSHIP.

Friend after friend had left my side,
While each seemed dearer than the rest;
Yet one remained, my joy, my pride,
The earliest known, and loved the best.

Bird, Eliot, Stevens, Bliss, and thee,
Dear Windship now! would I could call
E'en one to life; yet none for me
Thy place would fill, beloved o'er all.

Twas sympathy of contrast formed
Our lasting bond of union here;
Thy fire was tamed, my langour warmed,
In contact with each adverse sphere.

I loved as much thy warmth of soul,
As thou my calm untroubled thought,
Thy spirit, that defied control,
As mine, that joy in quiet sought.

Thy censure, when my virtue failed,
Seemed worse than doom to guilt decreed;
And well when better thoughts prevailed,
Thy praise repaid each generous deed.

Extremes, in others rarely seen,
Were softly blended still in thee,
As pictured in thy changeful mien,
Alternate mirth and gravity.

In thee all ardent feelings joined,
High hopes, proud wishes, warm desires;
The wayward will, the thoughtful mind,
Pure reason's ray with passion's fires.

The cautious virtues were unknown
To thy warm nature; none the less
Thy course was virtuous; oft times thrown
Hard on the verge of wild excess,

Thy native rectitude of soul
Each change subdued of wandering will;
True as the needle to the pole,
Yet like the needle restless still.

Mobility of temper, joined
To high resolve, with fear unmixed,

By every passing breath inclined,
Yet steadfast to thy purpose fixed.

Youth's strong temptations thou had'st known,
By vice assailed, yet undefiled;
Thy galley on the breakers thrown,
Yet wrecked not mid the tempest wild.

Romantic passion, tender, true,
Felt early, and for one alone,
Did all thy heart pervade, imbue,
And give thy life its inmost tone.

Yet sterner passions in excess
Subdued thy kindly temper oft,
And changed to wrath and bitterness,
A heart by nature ah! how soft.

Contempt for baseness curled thy lip,
And proudly fixed that deep dark eye,
As keen thy caustic wit would strip
Its garb from bland hypocrisy.

Poor, friendless, orphaned, and oppressed,
Thy spirit rushed, in hardy fight,
On life's dark woes; though sore distressed,
Yet victor in thy native might.

Wild desperate thoughts, at times, assailed,
At times, thy struggling soul subdued;
Belief and doubt alike prevailed,
Alternate baffled and renewed.

The dark mysterious turns of fate
Thy keen irreverent eye would scan;
Our present doom, our future state,
If future be the lot of man!

Enough, that earth's wide circuit rings
With scorn, oppression, insult, wrong;
That outrage soars on vulture wings,
And frenzy rules the bigot throng!

And then thy glowing fancy drew
Some happier state of equal laws;
Where minds are free, where hearts are true,
And power upholds the righteous cause;

Where worth bids sordid wealth retire,
Where truth prevails o'er prosperous guile,
And modest merit may aspire,
In virtue's right, to beauty's smile.

And now the dangerous strife seemed past,
Hope dawned auspicious on thy way;
Thy sky, so long with gloom o'ercast,
Shone brightly forth in cloudless day.

As truth effused her purer light,
The mists of painful error fled;
Like spectres of the stormy night,
Or dreams that rack the fevered bed.

The effervescence of hot youth
Seemed calmly settling down at length;

Its fury spent, its fiery truth
Subsiding into manly strength.

And ever was thy searching thought
With earnest zeal for truth inspired;
No pale abstraction, coldly wrought,
But feeling into action fired.

While thus, in pride of manly grace,
Impatient panting for renown,
Just starting into life's warm race,
Lo! death has struck his victim down.

He sleeps beside the western wave,
From friends remote, that mourn him here;
Not scorned, e'en there — for o'er his grave
The stranger sheds affection's tear.

But wilder tears more freely flow
From her, to whom his faith was due;
Unwed, yet wrapt in weeds of wo,
With love as warm as his was true.

Oh! who would live, when those are fled
Whose partial smile gave life its zest,
When hope, in friendship's grave, lies dead,
With those we earliest loved and best.

Though young in years, yet am I left,
E'en now, as if in age, alone;
Of comrades dear, of friends bereft,
With frustrate aims, and hopes o'erthrown.

## EARLY WORTH.

Spare then thy heartless sneer, thou son of pride!
Who glorying in thy greatness, with disdain
Regard'st these fond attempts, as void and vain,
To blazon worth unknown. Though turned aside
Early from glory's paths, they should secure
Enduring fame, could verse of mine endure.
Who knows not that the bud, in opening bloom,
Is lovelier than the rose in full blown flower?
And who but feels the dewy dawn's perfume
More fragrant than the noontide's sultry hour?
Tis thus young virtue, yet unsoiled by crime,
The freshness of pure thought, in early prime,
Should wreath their temples, had my muse the power,
With laurels, lasting as the flight of time.

## MY SISTER'S MARRIAGE.

### I.

And wilt thou leave us then? and canst thou go
From this loved home, my sister! far away!
Thy sire forsake, from thy fond mother stray,
And leave thy brothers lone? alas! 'tis so;
Since to thy husband now, in weal or wo,
Thy duty cleaves; nor ask I more delay.
But oh! should fortune frown, and thou, one day,
Again seek shelter here, dear sister! know,
That ever in these hearts, the fires shall burn
Of constant love, more bright for thy return.

Then go; a mother's love shall on thee wait,
A father's blessing; nor hath grief such power
O'er my full heart, but here, in bridal hour,
I joy with thee, in this thine altered state.

II.

Yet go not thus; I would not have thee part
In tears bedewed — in triumph rather drest,
And decked in smiles, as suits such beauty best:
And he, the happy youth, who holds thy heart,
Rich in such peerless treasure, may he be
Lover, and friend, and brother, all to thee:
N'er may'st thou know th' immedicable smart
Of unrequited love: nay, do not start,
As if I wronged him now; such things have been,
And, sister! may be yet: disgust is born
Oft e'en of love's excess: the rose and thorn
Grow on one stock, fit emblem of life's scene!
And hence my hope is full of boding fears,
Affectionate, that smiles through tender tears.

## TO EMMA.

To watch the body's slow decline,
To mark the spirit, day by day,
As shrinking in its fragile shrine,
It withers, pines, and dies away;

To see the light of life retire,
Long cherished with assiduous care,
The last faint gleam of hope expire,
And death close down on thy despair;

Such lot is thine; while I, unblest,
In cheerless gloom, at distance wait,
Each movement of this anxious breast
Suspended on a sister's fate.

Too soon 'tis fixed; all hope and fear
Alike are vain and useless now,
While standing by this silent bier,
And gazing on that marble brow.

Cold, pale, unchanging, n'er before
My presence failed, her answering smile
Of love to wake — ah! now no more
My joys to share, my griefs beguile.

When last I kissed that palid cheek
'Twas like the hue October's breath
Leaves on the grove, — a roseate streak,
Funereal, bright, the bloom of death!

'Tis faded now; and n'er again
That heart, so quick with fond desire,
Will heave beneath the throb of pain,
Or burn with fever's maddening fire.

Then mourn not that her course is o'er,
Ere coming storms could bar her way;

Afar she heard the tempest's roar,
And gained in time the sheltering bay.

Yea, blessed are the dead, that die
Early in life's revolving year;
That bloom, beneath the vernal sky,
To fade, ere autumn's leaf turns sear.

The nobler joys of life they know,
Its bud, its flower, its rich perfume,
And 'scape, ah blest! the storms that blow
On age, slow sinking to the tomb.

## AT THE GRAVE.

### I.

Ah! too prophetic was the boding strain
That wailed, untimely, in thy bridal hour,
The rose of beauty, fading in its bower:
E'en now, that plaintive note returns again,
Unwelcome then, as useless here and vain;
Since, standing by thy grave, I view the place
Where friendly hands have laid thee, while the clod
Falls heavy on thy bosom, and the sod
Wraps thee forever in its cold embrace.
Yet never from this heart shall time efface
The image of thy love, to me how dear!
What'er our lives, from earliest youth, had known
Of good or ill, was shared together here:
Henceforth, I drain life's bitter cup alone.

## II.

Said I alone? Nay, many yet remain,
Many, and well esteemed — parents revered,
Brothers beloved, and friends, by time endeared:
Yet, sister! none like thee. The silken rein,
That guided still our hearts, held but us twain,
Unlinked with other ties. Though fortune veered
With fickle sail, and good or ill appeared
Alternate in our course, — life's loss or gain,
Its joys, its sorrows, sundered n'er the chain
That bound our loves. Earth knows no purer bond
Than sisterly affection: free from stain
Of sensual feeling, tender, playful, fond,
Platonic love holds here his gentle reign,
O'er kindred hearts, — else sought on earth in vain.

## THE UNSEEN GUIDE.

Who has not felt, at times, a thought
Flash on him, from the world unknown;
A feeling, on his mind inwrought,
A glory, round him brightly thrown!

Though dense the cloud, that parts the clay
From vision of the spirit land,
Yet love can rend the veil away,
And souls unite, as hand grasps hand.

And who can tell how oft the touch
Of kindred spirits holds us back
From folly's path, or helps, how much,
To keep us firm on virtue's track.

Oft, sister! I have felt the glow
Of purer thoughts than here can live;
And known, or seemed, at times, to know,
Serener joys than earth can give.

And whence, but from thy promptings, came
Those lofty impulses of love,
That, kindling bright in virtue's flame,
Burned pure as seraph's fires above.

Too oft, alas! thick vapours cloud
The lagging spirit's upward flight;
While earth-born cares and frailties shroud
Our visions pure in shades of night.

Yet changed, exalted, as thou art,
Be, sister! still my wonted guide;
My guide, my guard! and in this heart,
Unseen, deep felt, as erst preside.

I could not wander far astray,
While thy soft light around me shone;
Nor now, so thou direct the way,
Mistake the path, though trod alone.

## THE RETURN.

Oft, mid sweet slumbers of the night,
  Her cherished form appears,
Arrayed, as erst, in beauty bright,
  And hues of youthful years.

As light of foot, as quick of eye,
  As thoughtless and as gay,
As when in hours of infancy,
  And childhood's dawning day.

The loved, the beautiful, the free,
  Whose life was hope and joy,
Returns, once more, to sport with me;
  And I too am a boy.

Forgot it now the sallow cheek,
  The dim and sunken eye,
The failing voice, so faint and weak,
  While friends stood weeping by.

And we are by the stream again,
  Adown the sheltered glen,
From sorrow free, from grief, and pain,
  That haunt the walks of men.

The merry birds their matin song
  Pour wild from bush and tree;
And our glad voices, quick and strong,
  Ring forth in strains as free.

The buoyancy of early thought,
In youthful joy, is ours;
The bounding heart, with pleasure fraught,
The bright brows crowned with flowers.

For plucking sweets, that wildly blow
Along our woodland way,
I bind with wreaths that brow of snow,
And crown her Queen of May.

Oh! ever in my waking hours
May that fair form abide,
As then, so lovely, decked with flowers,
She sported by my side.

## THE ANGLER.

### I.

The angler's art seems cruel; yet have minds
Tender as manly, loved to follow still
This lonely sport, along the quiet rill,
That far, mid grateful shades, in silence winds
To haunts of pickerel darting, or the seat
Of trout, sly lurking in his cool retreat.
Nor sights nor sounds are wanting, to suggest
Thoughts suited to the calm reflective breast,
Mid sheltering groves, from ruffling winds secure:
The hawk high soaring, eagle heard remote,
The jay's bright plumage, robin's plaintive note,

The squirrel chittering, and the owl demure,
May grave or sportive thoughts, by turns, promote,
In gentle hearts with feelings warm as pure.

II.

Far up the rocky glen, where close confined,
Narrowing and closing on my lonely way,
The hills shut in around me, soft reclined
On mossy bank, I drop the rod; nor stray
Further for pleasure now; more bent to find
Food fitted for the cravings of the mind,
Then studious, with nice art of fly and string,
The watery tribe with patient toil to win.
A boy, I watched their gambols, and would fling
Crumbs in the stream, & laugh, when they would spring
To seize their dainty food, thrown sportive in.
If this seems childish now, I yet can share
The gentle transport of each glancing fin,
Nor break, with guileful art, their pastime there.

## THE SPORTSMAN.

I.

He cannot paint, who has not felt, the joy
Of eager sportsman here, when, gun in hand,
With well trained dog, sagacious, at command,

He seeks the wild wood's covert : ne'er was boy,
From school broke loose, more earnest to enjoy
  Largely his hour of freedom. Far he strays
  Through trackless wastes, mid wild uncultured ways,
In glad pursuit : nor tangled woods annoy,
  Nor streams his course delay : so game abound,
  As little recks the sportsman as his hound,
Of distance, toil, or danger, sun, or shade ;
  Till darkness turn his wandering steps aside,
  Reluctant still, unwearied in the pride
Of conscious power, in sylvan sports displayed.

## II.

Dear is the sport, yet should my rifle bring
  Yon loud file-leader from his flock on high,
Or eagle, fluttering on disabled wing,
  No more to mount exulting through the sky,
From me his fall a kindred pang would bring :
Then safely soar aloft, proud feathery king !
  Foe to the fold, the ravenous wolf must die,
  Nor less the prowling fox ; but bounding by,
Oh ! let the light deer pass thee ; nor molest
The wood-duck, brooding on her downy nest.
  The surly bear, and savage wild-cat's rage
  May well thy courage try, thy skill engage ;
But spare each gentler brood : man was not made
To roam, unchecked, the tyrant of the glade.

## A DAY AT THE GREAT BOAR'S HEAD,

### HAMPTON BEACH.

Up and abroad, the day is nigh;
Old ocean's waves are dashing,
Their proud tops curling, as on high
They rise, the rude shore lashing:
Up and abroad, ere rising day
Hath swept the shades of night away.

E'en now the sky has changed its hue,
As upward freshly darting,
The first faint rays of light pierce through,
Athwart the thin clouds parting;
And lo! from out the burning sea
The sun is rising gloriously.

His flashing beams are proudly thrown
On dome and steeple shining;
While valley broad and forest lone
Lie deep in shade reclining;
Their darkened glens not yet may know
The lights that on yon summits glow.

Down to the beach, where countless waves
Along the shore are beating,
We haste, o'er sands which ocean laves,
Advancing or retreating,
To watch, beneath the rising ray,
The restless billows heave and play.

What swarms of insects, on the sand,
Come gaily forth a-sunning;
And small birds on the level strand,
Are mid the shoal waves running;
While flashing oar, or distant sail
Reflects the ray, or courts the gale.

Not for the walk alone we come;
But quick, our garments stripping,
We plunge amid the ocean foam,
Then rise, with heads all dripping!
While waves, o'er which we proudly ride,
Would beat us back, with adverse pride.

But no — 'twere base if so we yield:
The watery terrors quelling,
We push athwart the billowy field,
With hearts as proudly swelling;
And lightly now its perils brave,
Like sea-birds rising on the wave.

Though waves dash high against the rock,
In foam around us falling,
We fear not, we! the angry shock,
Nor deem its wrath appalling;
Our light limbs moving mid the spray
Like dolphins darting in their play.

And soon, along the level sand,
Our steps again are pacing,
Close where the water meets the land,

The wrecks of ocean tracing;
Each plant, and shell, and shining stone,
Along the beach at random thrown.

What varied hues and shapes are seen,
Amidst the wet sands shining,
Rich shells, with sea weeds, purple, green,
Their varied charms combining;
The daily tribute ocean pours
Profuse along her thousand shores.

But breakfast calls; and, that soon o'er,
The board abruptly leaving,
With eager haste we seek the shore,
Where lies our sail-boat heaving;
Aboard — aboard — make no delay —
The sail is set — away — away.

The bounding boat shoots swift along,
The green waves lightly cleaving,
As cheered by shout and merry song,
The shore at distance leaving,
We plough the main, and gaily sweep
Far outward through the sounding deep.

Pausing, at length, while hook and line
The finny tribe are seizing,
Our bosoms feel the heaving brine,
With qualm and retch displeasing;
While tossing boat and comrade's jest
Unsettle many a troubled breast!

Tired of such sport, again we run,
Now towards the near shore standing;
And deem our fortunes fairly won,
When on the rough rocks landing;
Then jesting, laughing, ocean leaving,
We care not, we! for wild waves heaving.

And soon around the board we meet,
All meaner cares forsaking;
While each enjoys that rare won treat,
The fish of his own taking,
And fondly deems that n'er till now,
Such dainty fare did fate allow.

The dinner o'er, on couch, or chair,
Each sated guest reclining,
Takes gently his siesta there;
Till, in the west declining,
The sloping sun has ceased to throw
Oppressive heats on earth below.

Then forth we fare — and some are seen
At ninepins briskly rolling;
While others on the flowery green,
Along the banks are strolling;
Or, gun in hand, wend far away,
On marsh, or down, to win their prey.

Some, moralizing deep, explore
The scenes around them spreading,
Lone wandering on the distant shore,

The smooth sands softly treading;
While thoughts of home and friends afar,
Come gently with the evening star.

And slowly rising from the main,
The moon's mild beams are shining,
In pensive beauty o'er the plain,
To quiet thoughts inclining,
That wake in manhood's musing breast
Visions of love, of joy, and rest.

And bland, as waves that round us fall,
In gentle murmurs dying,
Our softened hearts once more recall
The hopes of youth fast flying;
While beat our measured pulses free,
Responsive to the sounding sea.

Tomorrow's dawn will find again
Our steeds their paths retracing;
And other scenes, on hill and plain,
These scenes and sights displacing,
Will turn our thoughts from ocean's roar,
To sylvan sounds and shades once more.

But Hampton! in our memories yet
This day of joy remaining,
Shall wake the sigh of fond regret,
Its gentle hold retaining;
While fancy's dreams shall oft restore
The walks along thy winding shore.

Nahant may boast her stately domes,
The power of wealth displaying:
But he, who here in quiet roams,
Old ocean's pomp surveying,
Will fear least works of man impair
The beauty of a scene so fair.

# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST.

## BOOK SECOND.

## THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

## CONTENTS.

The Ancestral Seat—Love—To Eliza—Sans Souci—Evening Walk—Young Love—The Heart—The Evening Ride—The Eglantine—Free as the Waves—The Willing Captive—Love's Measure—The Wedding—Wedded Love—The Father—The Daughter—The Boy—Children—The Image—The Garden—Flowers—To Mary—The Snow Birds—Adaline—Mutual Love—Anniversary of the Wedding.

# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST.

## BOOK SECOND.

## THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

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### THE ANCESTRAL SEAT.

By filial reverence led, I seek the seat,
Where first my far progenitor his home
Found in this western wild, and reared his dome
Hard by this pleasant stream. Here oft his feet
Paced the lone strand, while waves from ocean beat
Along his path, — those waves, so late, that bore
The pilgrim father from his native shore.
Did they remind him, in this far retreat,
Of England's cultured fields, by him no more
Revisited? Belike, till tears ran o'er
Of tender grief; yet he nor hardship feared,
Nor savage foe; but gladly, on the rock,
Fixed here his home; nor time, nor tempest's shock
Hath levelled yet the structure which he reared.

II.

Firm builded, like his own strong heart, it stands,
By time compacted. Twice an hundred years
Are come, and gone; yet still this mansion rears
Its antique front; nor e'er to stranger hands
Hath passed, from hardy sire to blameless son
Transmitted still, as each his course has run.
South, north, and west, his race is scattered wide,
Through distant states; and some their way have found
To public scenes, and trod life's busy round,
A moment, in high halls of power and pride:
Less blest than those, who here their wishes bound
In life's low vale; like stream, whose waters sleep
Calm at their source, yet, borne amid the sound
Of distant broils, run headlong o'er the steep.

III.

Mid broils of public life it runs to waste,
The stream of quiet thought and feeling kind,
Which else might pause, to fertilize the mind.
But happier these, at fitting distance placed
Alike from wealth and want, their course have traced,
Age after age, through scenes of useful toil,
And lowly virtues: they the victor's spoil,
The pomp of power, the poet's laurel crown,
Nor sought, nor envied. So their efforts gained
Health, leisure, competence, they sate them down

With these content; nor e'er their spirits strained,
In life's mad race, for fortune, power, renown.
Enough, while virtue's smile their labours blest,
If love waked rapture in each blameless breast.

## LOVE.

### I.

Love is the blending of two youthful hearts,
Each in the other fused; union entire
Of end and aim, in passion's glowing fire,
Which leaves nor fracture, nor discordant parts;
Abandonment of self, and selfish arts,
In generous transports of intense desire,
Intense as pure — a feeling infinite,
Which with unbounded service would requite
The boon it craves; yet cannot less require
Than heart for heart, true love's undoubted right.
Modest and diffident, and of his might
Distrustful ever, yet doth Love aspire
To boundless sway, and spreads his gentle power
Alike o'er lordly hall and lowly bower.

### II.

I tire of days in loveless labour past,
By beauty's smile unblest. Man was not made
For selfish joy or sorrow: sad, o'ercast,
With hopes that fade, and joys that wither fast,

He droops, untended, in the lonely shade.
His paradise on earth, his heaven portrayed,
Is woman's unbought love: all earth beside
Would dark and worthless prove, were this denied.
For n'er ambition's spoils, nor heaps of gain
The longings of desire could sate, or hush
The hearts wild transports, throbbing to attain
True bliss: but oh! when love's warm currents gush
From kindred hearts commingling, man again
Finds Eden's primal bliss, else sought in vain.

## TO ELIZA.

Ask not of me the glowing line
Which truth should pour to worth like thine;
Nor deem my muse, in happiest hour,
Could give to verse thy beauty's power.
Now e'en my wonted skill is gone;
My harp has lost each cheerful tone;
Its cords are broken, and in vain
I strive to wake its notes again.
Yet ask not why; for, sooth to tell,
Tis more than I can answer well.
I have no cause to grieve or sigh;
My friends are true, no foes have I;
Or, if I have, so small my care,
I scorn to question who they are.
Yet in the midst of joy I find
Some discontent still lurk behind;

A pleasing pain, a gentle grief,
That soothes, indulged, nor asks relief.
What may it be? Not thirst of gain:
I n'er indulged a wish so vain.
With competence supplied, what more
Can I desire from fortune's store?
To whom her gifts are largest lent,
She sends, to mar them, discontent;
The seeming poor are rich alone
In blessings, to the rich unknown.
Nor have my humble hopes been crost
By vain regrets for honors lost.
Ambition springs from folly's root,
Its blosom fair, but harsh the fruit;
And they attain, who taste such food,
Knowledge of evil, more than good.
What may it be? And must I own
That time has somewhat changed my tone;
That he who laughed at love's light flame,
And mocked at Cupid's erring aim,
Who cased his heart in ribs of steel,
Has almost learned, at last, to feel.
The ice around his heart gives way,
It thaws, it melts, beneath the ray,
The ray of love, so mild, so bright,
'Tis heaven to dwell within its light.
I am content, while others rise,
To read my fate in woman's eyes;
And while they strive, with ceaseless pain,
The barren heights of power to gain,
I care not, — so the quickening smile

Of beauty cheer my path the while, —
What fields they win, what perils brave:
I will not be ambition's slave;
Nor slave to gain, since I have prest
A milder mistress to my breast:
And while, within the flowery vale
She wanders, listening to my tale,
And half receives, and half denies,
The balmy breath of passion's sighs,
Say, shall I hazard joys like these
For lust of gold, the fool's disease;
For love of power, the bane of those
Who shun their friends to seek their foes!
Oh! n'er may my fond wishes tend
Beyond the hope of one kind friend,
One bosom friend, upon whose breast
My troubled thoughts may sink to rest.
Without such friend how sad is life!
Tis worse than want, disease, or strife,
To look abroad, and no where find
The twin-birth of our loving mind.
Where such is found, each earthly ill,
Transmuted, brings its pleasure still;
And life is blest, beyond annoy,
Where mutual hearts that bliss enjoy.
The hearts, that love's pure transports warm,
Beat higher still amidst the storm;
And nearer, as misfortunes press,
Cling closer to the dear caress;
The glance from either's eye that parts,
The fire that warms their faithful hearts.

But whither strays my wandering Muse?
The lay you asked, could I refuse?
No, truly; and I bade her sing
Your praises to the tuneful string;
But she, in loose disjointed verse,
My cares chose rather to rehearse.
Yet pardon, if these numbers tell
Of thoughts that in my bosom swell;
Since verse is but the wave that shows
The heart's full flood of joy or woes;
And mine has poured its little stream
To sparkle in thy tranquil beam;
To heave beneath that gentle ray,
Which smiles the cares of life away.

## SANS SOUCI.

Careless I the scenes behold
Where the sons of folly toil;
Love of power, or lust of gold
Struggling still in ceaseless broil.

Warriors fierce may fight for fame,
Misers count their sordid gains;
I contemn the warrior's name,
And despise the niggard's pains.

Statesmen proud may toil and fret
In the maze of public cares;
They shall find to their regret,
All their paths thick set with snares.

E'en the honors they have won,
Envy's breath full soon shall blast;
Ere the triumph is begun,
Lo! its pleasures all are past.

And the poet's sounding lay,
Can it save the bard from death?
Or is fame, vain babbler! say,
Ought but life in other's breath?

Let weak pedants idly trim
Science' midnight lamp with care:
Such dull studies please not him
Whose delight is in the Fair.

Me far other joys invite,
Pleasure's flowery paths to prove;
Where each scene of fond delight
Wakes the willing mind to love.

Yes, in love's endearing arms
Circled close could I remain,
Earth has nought, with all its charms,
E'er to win me back again.

## THE EVENING WALK.

I would not give one happy hour
Among the breezy hills,
For days, in pleasure's crowded bower,
Which wealth with folly fills.

What are their joys, such crowds among,
To mine beneath the sky;
Their wine, their dance, their jovial song,
To nature's melody?

The birds my quiresters shall be,
That pipe on bush and spray;
The babbling brook dance light for me
Adown his winding way.

The wind, that with my flowing hair
Still wantons up and down,
Shall waft away the weight of care,
Which wine could never drown.

And tender thoughts of thee, my love!
Shall fill each pause between;
While swift my willing footsteps move,
To meet thee on the green.

What though no lighter foot than thine
E'er mingled in the dance;
And other eyes but dimly shine
Beside thy merry glance:

Yet dearer far that step to me,
Light moving by my side;
And sweeter here, that smile to see,
Than in yon hall of pride.

The sky is clear, and mild the air,
The trees with blossoms sweet;

But oh! more sweet, beyond compare,
When youthful lovers meet;

When youthful lovers, in the vale,
Are free to wander far;
While passion breathes his tender tale
Beneath the evening star.

Beneath the evening star, that now
Hangs fondly lingering here,
As if to seal the earnest vow
Youth pours in beauty's ear.

And oh! the blush of opening flower
Was n'er so rosy fair,
As in love's first confiding hour,
Was beauty's silence there;

Was beauty's silence, while she heard
My passion in that glen;
For though her tongue withheld the word,
Brow, eye, cheek answered then.

Base were the heart, with madness fraught,
Such virtue could assail;
Or soil such purity of thought,
With lawless passion's tale.

Yon starry Queen of soft desire
Is pure as she is bright;
And love is like that heavenly fire,
An orb of stainless light!

## YOUNG LOVE.

Young love is delicate as rose,
That blushes on the virgin's breast,
Ere yet its opening leaves disclose
The fragrance in its bosom prest.

The blush on beauty's changeful cheek
To others may the truth make known;
But she fears e'en love's name to speak,
Scarce breathed in whispers when alone.

Yet in her inmost soul she feels
Emotions, words can ill explain;
Delirious transports, joy that steals,
She knows not how, o'er heart and brain;

And wonders who that guest may be,
So wild, unknown, yet welcome there;
Sworn foe to all tranquility,
Yet dear as fondest wishes are.

Why is it that her pulse so thrills,
Unwonted, when the loved one near,
With soft persuasive tongue, distils
Love's gentle promptings in her ear.

With guile of innocence, she seeks
The tumult of her thoughts to hide;
But vain, ah! vain; e'en while she speaks,
Love's tremour masters maiden pride.

Oh! there are seasons when the soul
Lives ages in a single hour;
When o'er the heart time's currents roll,
Surcharged with truths of boundless power.

A moment gives her knowledge now,
Which time's effacing hand defies;
'Tis written on that altered brow,
It sparkles in those conscious eyes.

She loves, and knows it; feels that he,
The loved one, only can bestow,
On her true bliss; which yet must be
Shared still with him, in weal or wo.

She would not, for the world, resign
The full fruition of that heart;
Or brook another e'er should join,
To share with her its smallest part.

Yet delicate, and fearful still,
She seeks her cherished joy to hide;
And shrinks, as from acknowledged ill,
To own that flame to ought beside.

Oh! in the depth of woman's thought,
A treasure dwells of peerless price:
In vain by power, by wealth 'tis sought,
For pride too high, too pure for vice.

Tis love; and answering love must claim
The dowery rich which she bestows;
A virgin heart, whose tender flame
With passion's purest ardour glows.

## THE HEART..

It is not that my love is fair,
And blithe as bird in opening spring;
With cheerful brow, that laughs at care,
And tones that gay with rapture ring.

But 'tis the kindness of her heart,
That melts at thought of human wo;
That takes in every grief a part,
And soothes the guilt it cannot know.

Then well may joy's quick pulse be hers,
The airy fancy's nimble play,
Whose smile, where'er she turns, confers
Its light alike on grave and gay.

Alike on grave and gay, who feel
The bliss such purity bestows;
Where earnest thought, where modest zeal,
Where warmth of love from virtue flows.

Light sport and frolic are, with her,
So native to that joyous heart,
That you might deem her doomed to err,
So wild of will, so void of art.

Yet look again, and in her eye
Reflection sits, with love inshrined;
Warm hopes are there, and feelings high,
A cheerful heart, a thoughtful mind.

## THE EVENING RIDE.

On, swiftly on, my gentle steed!
That bear'st me to my love again;
And I will bless thine airy speed,
That bounds alike o'er hill and plain,
And needs nor spur, nor guiding rein.
And yet, methinks, on wings of love,
The willing heart would swifter move.

O would I were the bird that sings,
Beside his mate, on yonder spray;
How would I haste, on trembling wings,
To warble, ere the close of day,
Around her bower, love's lively lay;
And chase again, ere morning rise,
The shades of night from beauty's eyes.

Or, were I but the evening wind,
That breathes so softly round me here,
Soon would I leave thy speed behind;
And in that bower, to fancy dear,
Soft entering, fill her listening ear,
In strains that fall like evening dew,
With notes of love, pure, tender, true.

Or, were I but the rill that strays
Where oft, at noon, her fairy feet
Glance lightly by, — the rill that plays,
Within yon sheltering grove's retreat,
Around her summer's shaded seat, —
How would my murmuring waves rejoice,
Responsive to her gentle voice.

Then haste, my steed ! that I may check,
Ere evening close, thy fleet career;
While her soft hand thy arching neck
And flowing mane, may smooth and clear,
With fond caress, in guerdon dear
That thy fleet limbs, o'er hill and plain,
So well have borne her love again.

## THE EGLANTINE.

My love is like the wilding rose,
In yonder quiet glen;
That springs unseen, and sweetly blows,
Remote from paths of men.

The sun shines bright, the gay birds sing,
And soft the south wind sighs,
As, waving o'er the crystal spring,
It meets my wondering eyes.

But I have built a fairer bower,
Where suns more brightly shine;
And fain would plant this blushing flower
Beside that fount of mine.

Oh ! could I in my border set
This rose of love so fair,
And see its buds, with dew drops wet,
Expand in beauty there;

No ruffling winds of spring should chill
The soft unfolding flower;
Nor mildew blight, nor canker kill
My wilding in that bower.

But evening dews should settle soft
In silence round the stem;
And morning breezes murmur oft,
To greet my garden's gem.

Then come, sweet rose! to dwell with me,
In fairer groves than this;
Where still thy boughs may flourish free,
Mid scenes of brighter bliss.

There shall the bird of eve prolong
For thee his plaintive trill;
There love shall pour a warmer song,
To wake thy blushes still.

And deeper shall those blushes glow,
Mid sweeter music there:
While streams of pleasure broader flow,
Through fields more softly fair.

## FREE AS THE WAVES.

The hearts that own the sway
Of beauty's gentle reign,
Are like the waves that play
Along the heaving main.

When'er the queen of night
  Looks forth with loving eye,
They sparkle in her light,
  And toss their proud crests high.

In glad captivity,
  Along the ocean plains,
With bounding billows free,
  They wanton in their chains.

I would not sever, love!
  Thy gentle hold on me,
An outcast wide to rove,
  In loveless liberty.

For thou hast wreathed with flowers
  Thy band of magic art,
That binds, in beauty's bowers,
  Thy votary's willing heart.

## THE WILLING CAPTIVE.

Oh! boast not thou art free,
  Because by love untried;
Such cheerless liberty
  Is but the stoic's pride.

And he, whom love hath bound
  In beauty's smiling train,
A willing captive found,
  Rejoices in his chain.

The gay birds, that pursue
Each insect on the wing,
Are to their mates still true,
Love-fettered, while they sing.

The soft south wind, that courts
Yon bank of blushing flowers,
Is not more free, nor sports
More lightly mid the bowers.

The world's a prison wide,
If sundered, love! from thee;
But seated by thy side,
I'm bound, at once, and free:

Free, as the streams that sweep
Rejoicing o'er the plain;
Yet bound, like them, to keep
Right onward to the main.

## LOVE'S MEASURE.

Small rills along the rocks
Run babbling on their way,
With brawling sound, that mocks,
The ripple's idle play.

But broader streams that go
In currents more profound,
Are silent as they flow,
Too deep for useless sound.

Thus love, that can express
The fulness of its joy,
Shows but its shallowness;
So weak, it soon must cloy.

Where true affection is,
A glance, a smile, a tear
Betokens heartfelt bliss,
Unknown to doubt or fear.

What needs expression there,
Where action speaks so well;
Where look and deed declare
What words could never tell.

The miser that can count
His hoarded treasures o'er,
And tell to what they mount,
May well be reckoned poor.

But love his cherished heap
In vain would sum anew;
It swells too fast to keep
The growing tally true.

So throwing careless by
The cold accountant's measure,
He reads, in beauty's eye,
Affection's boundless treasure.

## THE WEDDING.

" And I pronounce you man and wife"— so said,
In solemn tone, our reverend guide, as still,
Hand linked in hand, he held us — " ye are wed :
" The twain henceforth are one." Oh! what a thrill
Ran through my being then, of mingled dread
And joyous transport; dread, least I should prove
For that high trust unworthy; joy, to find
The cherished vision of my earnest love
No dream of fancy now, but fixed, inshrined,
Where inclination still, with willing mind,
May bend at duty's altar. I am now
No more, as erst, alone : there beats for me
One warm true heart, that feels the mutual vow
To live in love unchanged, though bound yet free.

## WEDDED LOVE.

### I.

The heart-felt joys serene of wedded life,
(Theme hard to treat, which poets seldom sing,)
May I, unblamed, express? or dare to bring
To public gaze, mid scenes of vulgar strife,
Charms that adorn the matron and the wife?
Weak words but ill express the joys that spring
Spontaneous, hovering still, on gentle wing,

O'er wedded love. How'er with feeling rife,
Silence may best that sacred theme befit;
The aim, so oft, of rude sarcastic wit,
From ribald tongues, and hearts that never felt
How passion, rising into perfect love,
Repels all grossness, as it soars above,
In virtue's fires, refining while they melt.

II.

The loving heart is sorrowful at thought
Of joy unshared, at pleasure that confers
Delight on self alone; but leaps to hers,
Whose kindred soul, with tender feeling fraught,
Its inmost being hath with his inwrought.
What'er the passion either bosom stirs,
Moves both alike, and equal warms infers;
To him 'tis pleasure, or to her 'tis nought.
Thus interfused, and blended into one,
Their mingled streams of mutual feelings flow;
Enlarging, and enriched, as on they run,
By time, by distance deepened; till they know
No adverse purpose, no desire but this,
That each may largest share the other's bliss.

III.

Feelings, till then unknown, with marriage rise,
Duties with pleasures blended; thoughtful loves
With soft endearment, Venus' gentle doves

Inyoked with Juno's statlier train ; the ties
Of home and household ; thoughts that sympathize
With social impulses ; and joys that spring
From toils, that find rich recompense in love.
These now are mine : and time, on restless wing,
Who seeks old hopes, old pleasures to remove,
New hopes, new pleasures, doth more largely bring.
The heart, love-quickened, strikes deep root, and sends
Upward its branches high : wife, servants, friends,
Find shelter in its shade ; love's tendrils cling
Firm round the stem ; and fruit with foliage blends.

## THE FATHER.

Deem not thy mind developed, nor the tone
Of moral power perfected, till the sight
Of thine own offspring bring at once to light
Those inbred thoughts and feelings, which alone
To parents, in that blissful hour, are shown :
Thoughts hid in nature's darkness, till the might
Of love parental in the heart excite
Hopes, joys, and fears, to lonely breasts unknown.
Love lights the torch of Hymen; but the ray
Of infant beauty, brightening into day,
Gives lasting radiance to that living flame,
Else weak, or wavering : selfish feelings yield
To social ties ; the Father stands revealed,
Friend, lover, guardian joined in that fond name.

## THE DAUGHTER.

Earth born immortal! can it be
That in this feeble child,
Whose first faint gleam of thought I see,
Nature has reconciled
Such strength with weakness, life to last,
Undying, when all time is past;
A spirit, that shall spread and soar,
When sets yon sun, to rise no more.

Dear daughter! in thine infant face,
Thy mother's look I see;
And she, as plain, e'en now, can trace
Some features there of me:
To both, thou needs must largely owe
Thy share of bliss, — perchance of wo, —
To both, thy smiles of love repay
The watch by night, the cares by day.

Dear as the life blood to my heart,
Daughter! for thy relief,
Oh! all unconscious as thou art
Of future joy or grief,
A father's love would undergo,
Gladly, for thee, the weight of wo;
So thou life's joys alone might'st share,
Nor taste the cup of earthly care.

It may not be : to each is given
That mingled cup to drain :
But oh ! for thee, may pitying heaven
Mix largely joy with pain.
Bright, as the promise of thy youth,
In virtue's paths, and paths of truth,
Still may thy light steps onward move,
With pleasure crowned, and rich in love.

## THE BOY.

Up, my son ! and sport thee gaily,
Ride the stick, and chase the feather !
Thou art gaining, weekly, daily,
Hourly, strength, no bands can tether ;
Searching eye, and ready ear,
Quick to see, and prompt to hear ;
Hands, whose fingers fain would try
All that meets thine eager eye ;
Feet, that bear thee, restless still,
O'er the plain, and up the hill,
Up the hill, and down the hollow,
Faster than thy nurse can follow !

Life, e'en now, is opening here
All her treasures to thy view ;
Spreading daily, broad as clear,
Marvels round thee, strange as new.
From the ant-hill to the mountain,
In the wood, or by the fountain,

Where the 'customed eye can see
Nought to notice, there, for thee,
Shining fair, in glory bright,
All things waken new delight,
As thou still, with fresh endeavour,
Onward mov'st, reposing never.

Drive the hoop then; toss the ball;
  Blow the bubble; down the valley
Chase the wild brook to its fall;
  And in dingle, grove, and alley,
Find thou pleasure, found not there
By the sons of toil and care;
Found in breath of evening breeze,
In the stream, and in the trees;
Found in wild flower, insect, bird,
Squirrel seen, or bittern heard.
Life its wonders spreads before thee,
While the rainbow Hope bends o'er thee.

When the lights of youth forsake thee,
  And the shades of age appear,
Later years may wiser make thee,
  Sager, sadder, year by year;
But no future day will bring
Pleasures that more freshly spring,
Than the joys the hours allow,
Glad one! to thy young heart now.
Lively wonder, feelings pure,
Simple tastes, could these endure,
Age with childhood then might measure
Time's dark gifts with youth's bright treasure.

## CHILDREN.

Fret not, nor turn aside, unwedded eld!
If entering, unexpected, at my door,
Thou find'st the father stretched along the floor,
In childish sport with children! nor, repelled
By churlish thoughts, be sympathy withheld
From these rude prattlers, whose young hearts run o'er
With warm affections — felt by thee, of yore,
Though now forgot. In me, time hath not quelled,
But strengthened rather, feelings that impart
The child's warm transport to the parent's heart.
A father's love thou know'st not; yet may'st see,
In these fond looks and gestures, ties that bind,
In firm yet tender bonds, the heart and mind
Of sire and child, in fondest sympathy.

## THE IMAGE.

'Tis not on canvass, marble, bronze alone
Man's image lies portrayed: the inward mind,
The fancy, taste, the turn of thought, are shown,
The cast of feeling, rugged or refined,
In choice of outward forms; in tree or flower,
Dome, garden, grove, — what'er his plastic power
Moulds to his will — in these, as plain, are seen
The mind that makes or mars them; here the whole,
If stern, or lofty, delicate, or mean,

Stands forth, exponent to the master's soul,
His inbred nature, pictured largely here;
Where all may see, alike in sun and shade,
Wrought by himself, in forms of nature clear,
The man, his thoughts, his image true portrayed.

## THE GARDEN.

### I.

With hawthorn hedged around, and sheltered warm
From northern blasts, and ocean's blighting storm,
I walk through winding paths, with flowers o'erspread,
Mid rows of fruit trees rising o'er my head.
These hands have set them all; and not a tree
But owes its shapely form and growth to me:
Each nice variety of plant I know,
Bud, flower, and leaf, what time they swell and blow,
Their fruit when ripened, what the taste of each,
From pear slow rising to the quick grown peach;
Plum, cherry, quince, or apple, — cherished all,
Alike when blooms unfold, or ripe fruits fall.
Friends of my lonely musings, each hath taught
Some lesson, as I roam, of pleasing thought,
Or glad emotion — bidding gay hopes shoot
Their bright boughs forth, and see in flowers their fruit.
Too oft, alas! beneath th' inclement sky,
Those bright blooms fade, those gay hopes withering die;

As nipped, by churlish blasts, they fall around,
Like fruits, untimely cast, that strew the ground.
Yet happier germs on hardier branches grow,
And time's rich gifts on patient toil bestow:
And oft elate, prophetic fancy sees
Their proud tops blossomed in the vernal breeze;
Or bowed in autumn, lowly, with the weight
Of spring's rich promise, hope's returning freight.
Thus taught by nature, tempering hope with fear,
In tranquil joy rolls round the changeful year,
With thoughts that soothe, in gently stirred repose,
Mid cares that rouse, in toil that health bestows.

## II.

The rich may load their tables, and imbrute
Their taste with dainties, or, at pleasure, sate
The sense with fragrance; but nor rich, nor great,
Find e'er in foreign flower, or purchased fruit,
The joy he feels, whose care, like mine, can suit
To each loved plant its nurture — pleased to wait,
Till daily tendance grows affectionate,
In fond attachment, on each flower and vine.
The pampered vanity of wealth esteems
Its forced exotic plants more fair than mine:
Belike; yet not for these would I resign
My old familiar fruits: this mellon seems
To me more rich, this dainty peach more fair,
By me so reared, than all his treasures rare.

## FLOWERS.

### I.

How sweet, at morn or eve, amid the flowers,
To trace the garden walks, while bud and bloom
Of opening plants exhale their rich perfume,
And shed their rainbow colours! Not the bowers,
Where Eve in Eden passed untroubled hours,
In youthful innocence, ere guilt brought gloom,
Could pleasure give, more free from earthly care.
Nor want we here, what Eve found never there,
The parent's transport, while our eyes run o'er
With tears of rapture, as each happy child
Springs gaily forth, with shout and gesture wild,
Each path to trace, each rich recess explore.
"Come, father! come; look, mother! look at this"—
Cold is his heart that warms not at such bliss.

### II.

And say'st thou, sage economist! that flowers
Are useless, since nor food, nor clothes they yield
To cold or hungry want, mere cumberers of the field!
And is this all? and have our boasted powers
No nobler aim than meanly to supply
Our daily wants, to toil, gorge, sleep, and die?

Go, tread yon bark-mill in its circuit, then,
Of thankless labour, grovelling to the earth,
With him, of stronger growth and kindred birth,
The beast thou driv'st before thee! leave to men,
Nay, e'en to children, yonder girl and boy,
Who revel mid these walks, delights to find
In form and fragrance, which thy prouder mind
Wants yet the gentler feeling to enjoy.

III.

Fair flowers are bland instructers, that still read
Deep lessons to the thoughtful; and infuse
The love of nature into hearts that heed
Their gentle teachings. Ask not then their use,
If grace, and beauty, in their train appear,
And love and admiration. These still lead
To purest joys, despite the cynic sneer
Of cold ungenial natures. While I gaze
In silent pleasure, as the flowers uprear
Freely their beauties to the rising sun,
Or, timid shrinking, strive in vain to shun,
Like modest beauty, man's intrusive praise,
I feel their gentle power pervade each past,
Till joy turns love to virtue in the heart.

## TO MARY.

Enjoy the roses while they last,
Those beauties of an hour,
Since youth, my girl! will fade as fast,
A bright but transient flower.

And see where yonder rose bud swells,
Than driven snow more white;
Like virgin purity, that dwells
In virtue's tender light.

The opening bud, so fair to view,
Just blossoms to decay;
Thus pleasures lure, while life is new,
Then quickly pass away.

The shower, that lately drenched the rose,
Its hues but heightens still:
Virtue can thus fresh charms disclose,
Mid storms of earthly ill.

The velvet leaves invite thy touch,
But danger lurks below:
So pleasure's flower, if pressed too much,
Is armed with thorns of wo.

Yet one there is, from danger free,
Which softest tints adorn:
May virtuous love so prove to thee
A rose without a thorn.

Snapt rudely from its parent stock,
How soon its sweets exhale!
So generous natures feel the shock,
When love and friendship fail.

But cherished well and kept secure,
Its odours long will last:
Thus virtue's fragrance will endure,
When pleasure's bloom is past.

Their mild moralities the flowers
To thoughts of youth can teach;
And, emblemed fair amid the bowers,
To guileless bosoms reach.

What though a shade of passing gloom
The fading flowers impart;
Young Hope, to scenes of brighter bloom,
Can turn, as gay of heart.

O! blessing of the early prime,
That sorrow n'er can throw
The shadows of declining time
Where youth's bright splendours glow.

Then revel, Mary! mid the flowers,
That bloom around thee now;
And, happy as the rose crowned hours,
With bright smiles wreath thy brow.

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## THE SNOW B

The darkened sky and flee
Portend the coming storm;
The winds are whistling shrill and loud,
Thick clouds the sky deform.

The horse has sought his stable near,
The fowl their roost on high;
The sheep in crouded ranks appear,
The kine come slowly by.

Tis then that, swept adown the blast,
With glancing bosoms bright,
The Snow Birds, thronging thick and fast,
Before my window light.

They light, then sudden whirl again,
In ordered measure darting;
As if one impulse still could rein
Their ranks, now closed, now parting.

Hardy and fearless, mid the storm
Their nimble pinions play;
Scarce pausing while I catch their form,
Or hail them on their way.

Say, come ye, wanderers! to disclose
The secrets of your home;

Where darkness broods o'er norland snows,
And storms forever roam?

And have your tiny winglets played
In boreal blasts afar,
Where roves the lonely Indian maid
Beneath the polar star?

Say, does the vernal warmth suffice,
In faithful hearts, to rear
Love's cherished hopes, mid stormy skies,
Nor dread th' inclement year?

Or haste ye now, before the breeze,
A milder sky to prove,
Where, mid the boughs of southern trees,
Ye build your nests of love?

Not vain the lesson that you give,
Though brief your sojourn here,
If, taught by you, we learn to live
Unmoved mid tempests drear.

The birds are gone; but swift as they,
Can fancy's pinions move,
And follow far, o'er hills away,
To scenes through which they rove;

Their winter home, where wild flowers blow
In many a sheltered glen;
Mid woodland glades, and streams that flow
Unvisited of men.

Come, Mary! come, since thou no more
Their lively flight may'st see,
And join thy Willie on the floor,
In merry sport with me.

We need not fear the driving snow,
Nor tempests angry din;
Though loud abroad the winds may blow,
Our fires are bright within.

The cricket, from the creviced hearth,
Sends forth his lively strain;
The kitten's gambols swell our mirth,
The dog barks loud again.

Your little arms ye toss on high,
And clear your voices ring;
Not lighter bounds the wild deer by,
Or snow bird on the wing.

And see! where, wakened by the sound
From off her mother's breast,
Young Adaline looks round,
As happy as the rest.

While thus you frolic round the room,
You banish care and pain;
My mind has lost its wintry gloom
My thoughts are young again.

The frost of thirty winters seems
Dissolved from off my heart;
With youthful warmth my fancy teems,
In childhood's joys takes part.

So be it, when the snows of age
Shall gather round my way;
May youth, and youth's bright thoughts engage
My latest, happiest day.

## ADALINE.

### I.

Her hand had lost its pulse's thrill;
Yet light was in the living eye,
And round her lip there lingered still
The smile of joyous infancy.

I chafed in vain that hand, to bring
Its wonted glow to life again;
And wondered that no warmth should spring,
Nor she of suffering more complain!

And long I strove, till on my mind
The truth struck home, that death was there:
That bitter truth too soon I find,
And feel, too sure, thy pangs, Despair!

How can I part from one so dear,
So lively, sportive, tender, true;
Whose life was still a smile, a tear,
A sun-beam, seen through falling dew.

Was never harp to minstrel's thought
Responded with a readier strain,
Than she, with strong emotion fraught,
To touch of joy, of grief, or pain.

Life breathed through all that lovely form,
The pure transparence of her skin,
Through cheek and lip, with feeling warm,
And eye, that might a seraph win.

So brilliant, soft, with winning grace,
Those dewy eyes' dark lustre shone,
That thought and feeling, in that face,
Seemed seated there, as on a throne.

E'en death is lovely, when he lays
Gently his hand on form like this;
And fond beholders, as they gaze,
Can scarce forbear the tender kiss.

'Twould do such beauty wrong to deem,
At sight so fair, that eyes could weep;
E'en now, she smiles, as in a dream,
And seems, almost, to wake from sleep.

But ah! though fair and lovely still,
No life blood moves those pulses now;
That lifted hand falls powerless, chill,
And marble cold that tranquil brow.

When life was hers, a frown or check
Would fling her at my feet in tears;
A smile restore her to my neck,
To bury in this breast her fears.

Her little arms around me thrown,
Her winning ways would quick restore

The smile, that, if a moment flown,
Seemed death to her, till seen once more.

How altered now — oh! bear her hence;
'Twere madness longer to explore
That placid look, that seems like sense,
Yet answers now to mine no more.

I know not if the change I weep,
Such selfish grief should wake in me,
While infant beauty sinks to sleep
Thus calmly on the mother's knee.

She, not by seraph's flaming brand,
Like Eve, from Eden sternly driven,
Has passed, as to her native land,
Called home, from paradise to heaven.

To us, as her, that change may prove
Release from bonds of earthly care;
A chain from heaven, let down in love,
To fix our weaned affections there.

## II.

Thy spirit fled, my child! ere yet one stain
Of earth's corruption had defiled the heart;
Thy young existence n'er had known the smart
Of evil, done, or purposed; n'er the pain
Of unrequited love; nor cold disdain;
Nor base ingratitude's soul-piercing dart.

Envy and malice, and the teeming nest
Of scorpion passions, that transfix the breast
In later life, to thee were all unknown,
And n'er can reach thee now. The tears we shed,
In lonely sorrow o'er thy lowly bed,
Fall not for thee, but for ourselves alone.
Thou, at thine audit, hast not to relate
One sin, or sorrow, of thine earthly state.

III.

But wilt thou find, my child! in realms of bliss,
A father's love, a mother's tender care;
Kindred in worlds above, to greet thee there,
And fill for thee the place we filled in this?
Yes, sure 'tis so; nor can'st thou, daughter! miss
Our weak imperfect tendance: bright bands wait
Of happy spirits thy young steps to guide
Mid groves of peace, where all the good and great
In full fruition of pure joy abide:
And He, who here did little children take,
And bless them in his arms, benignly now
His kiss of love shall print on thy pure brow;
From truth's deep fount they thirst for knowledge slake,
Nor e'er the nursling of his care forsake.

## MUTUAL LOVE.

To love and be beloved — what heart so cold
But feels, in joyous youth, through pulse and brain,
Tumultuous poured, till joy turns nigh to pain,
Love's bounding currents through life's channels rolled!
Where mutual love, in fond endearment, dwells,
Bright eyes will sparkle, and the changeful cheek
And quick pulse throbbing, inward warmth bespeak:
But vain each outward sign, that feebly tells
Of love's pure glow, in faithful breasts that swells,
While words to tender thoughts give utterance weak.
Years wane apace, and outward forms wax old;
But love, unsoiled by time with earthly stain,
Keeps young the hearts that feel his silken chain,
In gentle bonds, their trustful bosoms hold.

## ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING.

We will not count, — so fast they run, —
The years, my love! since first we met;
Since life was new, and our bright sun
Was in its hour of dawning yet.

What though that sun is westering now,
With deepening shadows backward cast;
Its cheerful light may yet allow
Bright hours of pleasure ere 'tis past.

Time has but ripened into grace
Each nobler charm of heart and mind;
Nor reft thee yet, in form or face,
Of ought that soul to soul could bind.

Along these quiet walks with me
Thy light steps still as airy bound,
As when in hours of youthful glee,
They leaped, in mirth, to music's sound.

Thy lively laugh as gaily rings,
As in those hours of opening youth;
As warm thy prompt affection springs,
As in our prime of joy and truth.

Those eyes of love are still as bright,
As when at first on me they shone;
Yet softened now with milder light,
And deeper tints to youth unknown.

If graver thought upon our brow
Is fixing here his aspect sage,
Yet cheerful fancies wreath, e'en now,
With smiles of joy the cares of age.

Then let them haste, the years! away:
Our growing loves they cannot part;
Youth did not lead our thoughts astray,
Age will not change the constant heart.

# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST.

## BOOK THIRD.

## POLITICS AND PUBLIC MEN.

## CONTENTS.

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# MANHOOD,

OR

# SCENES FROM THE PAST.

## BOOK THIRD.

## POLITICS AND PUBLIC MEN.

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### ODE TO LIBERTY.

Pure, ardent, strong, my first young love,
  Fair Freedom! was for thee;
For thee, all other powers above,
  Thou fire-eyed Liberty!

Bright Goddess of the Grecian isles,
  And of the mainland shore,
Where still, as erst, thy beauty smiles,
  Thy genius wakes once more.

Thence wandering to th' Ausorian plain,
  Beneath unclouded skies,
Thy bright abode did long remain,
  Where Rome's proud turrets rise.

But when, at length, fair virtue fled
From Rome, degenerate then,
Thine arm the shaft of vengeance sped,
With Tell, in Uri's glen.

When tyrant-power, with bigot zeal,
The Belgian rights assailed,
Then flashed aloft thy dauntless steel,
And fierce invaders quailed.

To Albion's chosen isle, at last,
Thy burning footsteps roam;
Exulting, mid thy triumphs past,
In nobler yet to come.

And warm the welcome there received,
From sage and warrior bold:
Thy power restored, thy rights retrieved,
As in thy seats of old.

But foes abound; and lo! the Maid
Hath left that cultured land,
To wander, mid the desert glade,
Our bleak New-England strand.

Her bright glance turns the forest wide
To fields of rich increase;
And backward rolls the sanguine tide
When tyrants mar our peace.

Rich plenty crowns our happy vales
Wher'er her bounty flows;
The thunder of her deck assails
Our proud insulting foes.

By labour nerved, by skill refined,
In arts alike and arms,
She fires the heart, informs the mind,
And awes, at once, and charms.

And long as on our thousand hills
Her hardy sons abide;
While manly thought each bosom fills
With virtue's generous pride;

While scorn of life in servile chains
Inflames each patriot breast,
Freedom shall rule along our plains,
And we in safety rest.

Though oft she strays, where erst she spilt,
In other lands, her blood,
Her lasting home she here hath built,
With us, on field and flood.

Her throne is in the virtuous heart,
Tis there her altars burn;
When these are quenched, her fires depart,
No, never to return.

Then n'er may sordid passions soil
Her purity of soul;
Or drag her down, in senseless broil,
To faction's base control.

Yet vain the fear: she stoops not so,
To herd with servile men;

Unworthy when her votaries grow,
She turns, and leaves them then.

And, in her stead, a fiend of hell,
With giant stride comes on:
'Tis tyrant Power, with slaves to dwell,
When Freedom's light is gone.

## THE EMPIRE OF MIND.

### I.

That is not empire which compulsion wrings
From crouchant fear: true empire builds its throne
In minds of men; and rests its power alone
On truth, on virtue, and the force of things.
This is that rightful power, which with it brings
All else, subjected to his ruling mind,
Who, master of himself, can touch the springs
Of thought and action, that control mankind.
Force rends the body, and, in tempers base,
May win submission from fear's servile race;
But free born spirit, proud and unconfined,
Repels compulsion as unmixed disgrace;
Nor other power endures, than that inwrought
By mind on mind, the power of thought o'er thought.

### II.

Not in high station doth true power reside:
The private citizen, with tongue and pen,
Sways oft the general will, and governs men,

Wider and surer, than you son of pride,
Who wraps himself in office, but aside
Of that is powerless. Office cannot give,
Nor want of it destroy, deep thoughts that live
In minds of studious men, and, scattered wide,
Direct the nations. Pomp of place may come,
And office lure them from their cherished home,
But these are not their glory: these impart
Small power to genius, who maintains his sway,
Unofficed, unendowed, o'er head and heart;
While states submit, and chiefs and kings obey.

## III.

And hence by tongue and pen, far more than sword,
The world is governed. Luther from his cell,
Ruled e'en o'er kings, in regal pomp who dwell
Of outward power. He spake, and men adored
The guide within, till blind prescription fell.
Brief space did Tully fill the Consul's chair,
From Rome expelled, recalled to perish there:
Yet o'er men's minds his wisdom governs still
With power unbroken; lands remote prepare
E'en yet, his high conceptions to fulfil.
'Twas not by office Bacon's genius wrought
Conquest o'er mind, through all the realms of thought.
These are true kings, who rule by right divine,
Lights of the world, and suns that ever shine.

## FREEDOM.

### I.

'Tis faith in human virtue that alone
Makes Freedom possible: were man a brute,
A demon rather, chains would better suit
His nature, spies, inquisitors, a throne,
Where king and priest, upheld by power alone,
Might curb, guide, plunder, at their sovereign will.
Not so, if reason, duty, honor, truth,
Be native to the race; if knowledge, skill,
If power from practice spring; if age and youth
Give heed to virtue, freedom then is right;
A nation's birth-right, where the people's sway
Rests not on charters, won, by rebel might,
From tyrant kings, but registered in light,
His gift, whose spirit animates our clay.

### II.

Freedom is self-control. He is not free
Who looks abroad for guidance; or who finds
In party, creed, or sect, in kings decree,
Or mobs acclaim, the rule of right that binds
His thoughts and feelings. Freedom dwells in minds
To virtue disciplined; where sense of right,
Our own, and not another's, is our guide;
Where self-respect, and scorn of wrong unite,

And truth and justice in our hearts preside.
To freedom, thus inbred, if law accord
Freedom of action, we are free indeed :
But wrong, is tyranny, — by one decreed
Or many, — wrong, not less to be abhorred,
Though thousands gain, if one unjustly bleed.

III.

Freedom is based on Virtue : other rock
Is none, nor can be, whereupon to lay
Its broad foundations. This, nor sudden shock
Of adverse fortune rends, nor time's decay
Moulders to dust : its adamant can mock
The rage of hostile hands, nor wears away
With lapse of years. The vicious cannot be,
The base, the selfish, nor the coward free.
That proud distinction to the good pertains,
The brave, the temperate. High born Liberty
Is virtue's recompense, and won with pains :
Not partial power, but freedom for the whole,
Freedom for right, not license from control,
Since all must lose, where one unjustly gains.

IV.

Slaves are not men ; the outward form and span,
The garb and semblance of high worth remain
Oft in the servile ; but we look in vain,
Where freedom is not, for the soul of man.

That pure far-darting ray of heavenly light,
The deathless vigour of the God within,
Alone is man; alone the prize can win
Of arduous virtue, claiming, in the sight
Of highest power, equality of right.
Then who would be a slave? or, being free,
Enforce on others bondage? free in mind,
In word, thought, action, free and unconfined;
Save where the law, with merciful decree,
Sets needful bounds to virtuous liberty.

## LAW.

E'en freedom needs control, when wanton will
Runs wild with too much licence. Laws are made
To guide the wayward, and reform the ill,
By mild yet firm restraints, impartial laid
On all alike; for oft the virtuous need,
Not less than vicious, the restraining aid
Of equal laws. If interest these mislead,
Passion, as oft, and erring zeal withdraw
The weak, well meaning, from the narrow path
Of right and equity; till, struck with awe,
They back recoil, least Justice, armed with law,
Pour on their heads the vials of her wrath:
Justice, impartial, stern, yet gentle too,
Intent alike to save, as to subdue.

## SELF INTEREST.

Man, driven to virtue in his own defence,
Is just to others, oft, that he may find
Like justice in return. 'Tis thus combined
Interest and right with duty blend; and hence,
Though freedom rest on virtue, she can fence
Her rights with interests round; and aptly joined
In her just cause, make e'en the vices serve
Her generous purpose: these from right will swerve,
As interest sways; but each, what'er his mood,
Looks sharply to his neighbour's devious aim;
And each, in turn, will strictest justice claim,
How'er himself perverse. The General Good
Lives thus mid adverse wrongs; and virtue draws
From vice, from folly, aid to Freedom's cause.

## EQUALITY.

### I.

O! blest Equality! to thee is due
What'er of wise or just, of good or great,
Or prosperous fortune, crowns our happy state.
Not that like power, or honors, thence ensue,
Nor wealth, to all alike: to nature true,
Thy laws, Equality! but ope the gate,

Where all may enter : Sloth will lag behind,
And Vice, degraded, sink : but heart and mind,
Each virtue, and each talent, here finds weight,
Proportioned to desert. Nor lack we here
High power or place, to proud ambition dear
Nobility of nature, reason's sway,
Dominion, yielded by consent, not fear,
Where virtue rules, and willing hearts obey.

II.

No false gradation, built on idle claim
Of blood rules here ; no feeble monarch sways,
By feudal right, from long forgotten days,
Or old ancestral glory. Lineage, name,
High birth, avail not now ; but present fame,
And rank by service won. Each here must raise, —
Each for himself, — his palace, and his tower,
His own right hand his architect of power.
And what can reason more, or virtue seek,
Than unpledged umpire, unobstructed course,
Where merit, service, virtue's steady force
Must win the prize ; where sloth alone is weak,
And vice, if strong, must meet in equal field,
Truth's fearless front, and force to virtue yield.

## THE POPULAR WISDOM.

### I.

True wisdom largely in the mass is found:
The subtile instinct of self-love hath taught
The crowd true lore, the essence of deep thought
And needful knowledge — not from books renowned
By study drawn, but truths, that, scattered wide
Thro' life's broad paths, are thence o'erlooked by pride.
Like heir-looms of the race, such truths descend
From sire to son, each adding, as they pass,
His hard-won wisdom to the growing mass;
Accretion small, yet swelling without end.
Hence truths abound, where n'er the prosperous trod,
In life's low vales, mid want and cares obscure,
By suffering tried, by toil, by time, made sure,
Kind nature's dictates, thence the voice of God.

### II.

Trust then the multitude: at times, 'twill err,
Mistaking folly's voice for wisdom's cry;
Blindly at times 'twill bow, weak worshipper!
At falsehood's shrine, and heap its altars high,
With incense due to truth. Yet shalt thou meet
Wisdom, in broad high-way and public street,
In walks of daily life, far likelier seen,
Than in famed schools, — too oft the drowsy seat
Of cloistered ignorance, or error's screen.

Prompt, restless, shrewd, the wisdom of the crowd,
Inventive, fearless, finds it way aright,
Mid clash of adverse interests, by the light
Struck from conflicting passions. Forward, loud,
Her step is firm, her glance pervading, bright.

III.

Fastidious taste, or timid virtue shrinks,
Disgusted or alarmed, from noise and broil,
And clamour of debate: yet mid the toil
Of agitated mind, that swells and sinks,
Alternate rising and depressed, their flows
A stream, beneath, of strong sound sense, that goes
Right onward ever. Folly's veering gale
May vex the surface oft, with eddies strong
And counter currents; yet it bears along
Unchang'd, nor destined of its aim to fail.
The froth and feculence, that upward flow
From factious humours, may, at times, prevail
To stain its clear bright waves; yet, pure below,
The stream rolls on, untroubled, sure, though slow.

## PARTIES.

Two parties ever, mid the free, are found:
The one intent to narrow and divide
The ruler's power, as fearful to confide,
E'en with the best, a weapon that must wound

Far oftener than defend: with them the use
Of power weighs less, than fear of its abuse.
Not so the adverse party: their chief dread
Is anarchy; whence discord, outrage, wrong,
Strength in the limbs, and weakness in the head.
Wise men and true to either side belong,
And well for each, in turn, may preference feel;
Ready, when bands of government wax strong,
To check abuse; yet bent, with equal zeal,
To strengthen power, when faction clogs the wheel.

## THE ARISTOCRACY.

### I.

There are who prize not freedom: so they live
Tranquil and undisturbed, they are content
With gentle masters, glad, nay, proud to give
The vaunted glories of self-government,
For ease and safety. Deeming rulers meant
To save the people from their own worst foes,
Themselves, they would not, if they could, be free.
Freedom to them seems dangerous: broils and blows
Their daily fear, turmoil and wild affray,
They shrink at thought of boisterous liberty.
Born to submit, and eager to obey,
They ask but prudence to direct their course,
In meek submission to superior force:
Others may rule, it fits not such as they!

## II.

Of wealth and knowledge proud, there are who deem
The many made for bondage. In base broil,
Shall low born ignorance, presume to soil
Our robes of state? Shall hob-nailed clowns esteem
Their coarse-haired gaberdine, of unpressed seam,
Smooth as our firm wove silk? Shall folly vie,
In power and splendour, with the rich and high,
The wise and well informed? Labour their lot,
And want their heritage, it suits them not
To guide and govern states. In vain they try
For powers above their station: if the blind
Lead still the blind; or, wilder yet their aim,
Would guide the clear of sight, they needs must find
Death in one ditch, leader and led the same.

## III.

Lawless, from love of liberty, our age
Runs headlong to excess, in blind pursuit
Of fancied freedom: but forbidden fruit,
Though sweet, is deadly still: the madman's rage,
Self-wounding, or aggressive, needs control,
Proportioned to its strength. The free of soul
Alone are free, the just, the brave, the sage:

But force usurps command; and fraud waylays
The weak confiding, and to ill betrays.
The hand, the foot, and each ignobler part,
Are needful all, and all their ends fulfil,
In this our body; but the head and heart,
Those nobler faculties, the virtuous will
And well-stored mind, should guide and govern still.

## IV.

Hence not unquestioned is the people's power:
Fearful, conservative, the few distrust
The many still; and hold their claim unjust
To sovereign sway. Such sway they deem the dower
Of knowledge, virtue, wealth: these form the stay
Of states and empires; not the base array
Of low born vice; nor e'en the well-meant strain
Of honest ignorance, and narrow thought.
Such creed is held, though seldom loudly taught,
By many in our land; nor wholly vain
Such element they deem, weak though it be,
To check, at times, too "fierce democratie,"—
Made fierce, too oft, by demagogues, who fain
Mislead the mass, their private ends to gain.

## THE DEMOCRACY.

### I.

Man, e'en the wisest, oft his course pursues,
Blindly, where passion, not where reason guides.
What marvel then, if here, where power resides
Unbounded in the many, they too choose
Not always wisely? Shall we thence refuse
Reliance on that virtue which presides
Instinctive in the mass, and aid provides,
Self-taught, through suffering, that from wrong ensues?
Rough-hew them as we will, our noblest aims
Are shaped to action, by that guiding sense,
That wisdom of the mass, which justly claims
True sovereignty; and holds as vain pretence,
The meaner, adverse wisdom, that reputes
The few born rulers, and the many brutes.

### II.

The people err, misled, and happly turn,
Oft times their fury on their truest friends,
Deceived, betray'd: but soon delusion ends,
And truth shines forth. Fraud's meteor lights may burn
In falsehood's darkened sky, but day's return
Brings surer guidance. Led with ease astray,
The mass see dimly, and but feel their way;

Yet is their progress sure: the Public Good,
Their own true interests, needs must be pursued,
Their one great aim, their purpose ever nigh.
Where honest hearts, and countless hands combine,
And native shrewdness guides the just design,
Well may they rear the glorious fabrick high
Of public good, on general liberty.

III.

Nor deem it strange, if still the many doubt
The kindness of the few: if envy seize
The needy, as he views the rich at ease,
Himself to toil condemned. He looks about,
Where plenty crowns the prosperous, and he sees
Superfluous wealth, that might his wants appease,
His craving wants, consumed in idle rout
And wild extravagance. He little knows
The ills of wealth, — the langour of repose, —
And deems the idle happy! Wealth, in turn,
Envies the careless look, and laughter loud
Of honest labour, — failing to discern
The counterpoise of want. He thinks the crowd
Malign, unjust; they him unfeeling, proud.

## THE COMMONWEAL.

Yet are their rights the same; in reason's eye,
The same their interests. None is here so low,
But wealth may be his lot; none placed so high,
But want may reach him yet. Wealth's overthrow
Is fortune's daily freak; the poor have won
Their millions too: the vagrant that would fire
The rich man's villa, thinks not that his son
May heir the heritage: yon boastful sire,
Whose stores seem boundless now, may children leave
To eat the parish bread. Could you bereave
The poor man of his rights, though his the wrong,
Tis your's tomorrow. In fair reason's sight,
Life, freedom, happiness to all belong,
And mutual kindness, based on mutual right.

## EDUCATION.

Not to degrade, but elevate the mass,
Be then thy generous aim; to pour the light
Of far-pervading truth, unclouded, bright,
O'er high and low alike; till knowledge pass
With freedom hand in hand: till public right,
With virtue armed, control the erring might
Of vicious ignorance and brutal force.

If wisdom guide the bark, and trim the sail,
The waves of vice and folly, on her course
Though wild, at times, they beat, resounding hoarse,
Can harm her never: time, with steady gale,
Bears her, uninjured, on her destined way;
Or, tempest tost, she anchors in the bay,
From danger free, while storms abroad prevail.

## BAD RULERS.

### I.

Weak are our rulers? 'Tis a proof that we,
E'en we, the people, are ourselves as weak;
As blind, as vicious, and as prone to seek
Unworthy ends, as these our guides can be.
They are our creatures merely; we are free
To choose whom best we like. If then the stream
Run charged with feculence, we well may deem
The spring impure; nor can its waters mount
Above their source; if low, its currents creep
Through vales obscure, in stagnant pools to sleep.
Then blame not rulers chiefly, nor account
The land worse governed than its sons deserve:
Rulers are samples of the men they serve,
Nor worse, nor better, — pebbles from one heap.

II.

Better or worse, the children semblance bear
Still to the parent stock; the form is known
Of tree or building by the shadow thrown:
So must our rulers still the image wear
We give them, shadows of ourselves alone.
The forms of government but serve, at best,
To mould the metal while its currents flow,
Not change its nature; be that metal prest
To forms of beauty, or to shapes of dread,
Its essence is unchanged, gold, silver, lead,
What'er the substance. If our aims are low,
Worthless our thoughts, by vice on folly bred,
What wonder that our chosen favourites show,
In bitter fruits, the germs from whence they grow.

## SYMPATHY WITH POPULAR FEELING.

I.

The guide, that leads me, must not quit my side,
E'en when I wander from the path astray;
Nor wound, with wanton sneer, my honest pride,
Though slow of pace, and stumbling on my way!
If larger light be his, to me denied,
It ill beseems his office, to deride

My feebler beam, or vaunt his prouder ray.
Nor less should he, who aims the crowd to sway,
Discard vain visions of superior skill,
That nourish in his heart the fond conceit
That others are but clay, which he, at will,
May mould and fashion, as to him seems meet.
Tis sympathy alone, warm, generous, true,
That moulds the mass, and guides its movements too.

## II.

'Tis fellow feeling that to hearts of men
Must win our way: and he who, from above,
Looks down, in lordly pride, and harbours then
Contempt for others, will, in others, move
Small feelings of respect, and less of love.
And hence have wise and great, e'en good men oft,
Failed favour to secure, — their purpose crost
By coldness, or disdain, that holds aloft
From mingling with the mass; and thence have lost,
What else their worth had won, the love of those
Who saw in friends, so ruled, the people's foes.
Doubt wakens doubt; and confidence finds place,
Seldom, where feelings of distrust we trace,
Never, where scorn and hate their forms disclose.

III.

Who seeks the people's love, himself should feel
Love for the people too: he toils in vain
Their favour to secure, whom proud disdain
Bars from their fellowship. Their hearts to steal,
And win the million, needs nor subtile art,
Nor rare endowments: virtues of the heart,
Far more than intellect, their favour find;
And he who doubts their virtue wants that hold
On general love, which sympathy of mind
Gives ever to the generous and the bold.
Though wild of will, the mass are yet controlled
Easy by manly hearts; but shrink, alarmed,
Or turn, disgusted, from the proud and cold,
How'er with learning graced, or genius armed.

## AMBITION.

How vain the boast that nought could win
My footsteps back to earth again!
Unmindful of the power within,
That, gently binding heart and brain,
Still holds us busy in the train
Of fond aspirants, mid the crowd,
Who onward press with clamour loud.

Well, be it so, since so it must;
I would not, mid inglorious ease,

Sink, unremembered, to the dust,
Nor shun the prize that all would seize:
Once more, then, let me strive, like these,
Though vain our toil, our wishes vain,
High power to win, or honor gain.

Yet wherefore vain? The prize aloft
Hangs tempting in the public view;
Thrown wide to all, and won, full oft,
By daring vigour; while the crew
Of idle loiterers still renew
Their vain resolves, and still delay
The toil, that bears that prize away.

What crowds are gathered round the place,
Where start Ambition's coursers! High
Their heads they toss, and, in the race,
Their hoofs of thunder, flashing eye,
And panting sides, make quick reply,
To rival shouts, that loud proclaim
Each victor in the lists of fame.

Then mount, betimes, and spur thy steed!
What'er the aim, wealth, honor, power,
'Tis all before thee; quick, proceed,
Nor doubt success; fair fortune's dower,
Enjoyment, crowns each prosperous hour
Of young Ambition: on, and win
Thy laurels, mid the cheerful din
Of healthful action; nor complain
That toil awaits the victor's gain.

## OFFICE.

### I.

Ambition still aspires to power and place,
Nor deems them dearly won by toil and strife;
E'en danger wakens but intenser life
In daring spirits: honor or disgrace
The prize or punishment, 'twere weak as base,
To shroud bold manhood's prime in slothful rest.
Strike then for power, if not for power supreme,
Since few can grasp that shadow of a dream,
Yet power to make, at times, thy high behest
A law to other minds; or, nobler aim,
Power to do good, true virtue's generous claim,
To speak, toil, suffer, for the public weal.
If such thy purpose, backed by steady zeal,
Duty thy guide, thy recompense is fame.

### II.

Ambition fired my youth, that early felt
Her subtile flame: early my heart had known
Those bright illusive hopes, that build their throne
In youth's fond dreams. Ere yet such visions melt
In reason's sober ray, who has not knelt,

In earnest worship, to the phantoms shown,
In fancy's mirror, round the dazzling zone
Of power and place? Yet soon the icy belt
And chilling clime, which gird those heights around,
Struck coldness on my heart: the sullen sound
Of gathering tempests, and the bolts they fly,
Incessant flashing through that stormy sky,
Repelled advance: and soon I learned to know
True quiet dwells but in the vale below.

## CONGRESS.

### I.

Yet loved I well, at times, to hear the roar
Of congregated factions; to survey,
Cool and unmoved myself, the dense array
Of adverse parties, and their aims explore:
Best seen, when warm excited minds run o'er
With earnest feelings, forcing free their way.
Prudence not always can the mind content
E'en of the sage and cautious: sudden zeal,
Like sparks emitted from the smitten steel,
Fires oft the coldest: glowing thoughts find vent
In word, look, gesture — thoughts that, warmly sent
From bounding bosoms, panting in the reel
Of adverse passions, needs must truths reveal,
Else hid, by cunning sly on caution bent.

II.

'Tis then that forceful genius, prompt to soar,
Asserts, o'er common minds, predominence;
Felt, through all hearts, in strains of eloquence,
That long survive, when life's brief space is o'er.
Those early orators, so famed of yore,
The Greek and Roman, won not, in their day,
More warm applause than Randolph, Webster, Clay,
Or King, and Pinkney, on this western shore.
With aims as various as their powers unlike,
Each yet had genius that could charm and strike;
Each, in his turn, could chain the listening crowd,
Each, with his own bright visions dazzle still
The vulgar gaze, and sway the mass at will,
That moved obedient, in subjection proud.

## SLAVERY.

I.

The claim of man to seize his fellow man,
And hold him as a slave, — what can it be
But rank injustice, bare-faced tyranny,
And lawless violence? the selfish plan
Of power, divorced from right; which, if it can,
Force may uphold, but reason must refute.

What though Necessity, the tyrant's plea,
  Would shield the wrong, Heaven hath no attribute,
Which, in the contest, can take part with men,
  Who, free themselves, seek others to imbrute.
They needs must fail: for though, to human ken,
  The way seems dark, while sullen power is mute
To pity's cry, Heaven, in its chosen hour,
Oh! doubt not that! will break oppression's power.

## II.

Brute though he be, by thy injustice made,
  He is thy brother, man! There burns in him
  The fire of human feeling, faint and dim,
Yet quenched not wholly there: thou hast o'erlaid
  His nobler powers; thy stern control hath broke
  His prostrate spirit, humbled to thy yoke:
Yet is he man; down trodden and betrayed,
His rescue yet is sure, though none should aid.
  Not with her victim dwells injustice long,
But back returns, retributive, to shed
Vials of wrath and suffering on thy head.
  Thy slave is weak; and, master! thou art strong;
Yet dwell ye still in mutual hate and dread,
  Fraud foiling force, and wrong repaid by wrong.

III.

Yet blame not thou, too much the men who wields
Transmitted power, to whom, unblest, descends
Such dangerous heritage. His interest shields
From want the slave, and oft from wrong defends.
Linked to his lot, unknowing other state,
The master's conscience feels not much the wrong
His power inflicts: to us, though clear as strong,
It strikes on him but faintly; 'tis their fate:
High heaven's mysterious laws, he deems, accord
Freedom to some, and bondage to the rest.
Thou, happier placed, with truer knowledge blest,
Deal kindly with his error; and abate,
Though not thy generous scorn at deeds abhorred,
Somewhat thine anger at the slave-cursed lord.

## THE PROPOSED RESTRICTION ON SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

I saw the gathering, shared the toil, and held
My place, though humble, in the ranks, that day,
When freedom marshalled, in her bright array,
Her hosts for combat. Who that there, impelled
By generous hope, saw justice with the might
Of slavery grappling, in victorious fight,

Could doubt the issue? High our bosoms swelled,
In fancied triumph, o'er the foe, nigh quelled
By freemen, battling for undoubted right.
Though stern the contest, will our phalanx sped,
Till doe-faced folly saw her form, and fled.
Alas! for freedom! when ignoble flight
Of coward friends, more feared than open foe,
Brings servile rout, and shameful overthrow.

## EMANCIPATION.

### I.

Yet not for that despond, or bow thy head,
Freedom! in base despair; the day is lost,
Thy name traduced, thy generous purpose crost:
But freedom's fire, though smothered, is not dead.
Deep interfused, through all the mass, is shed
That fire unquenchable, pervading earth,
And kindling into life, what else would be
Inert as worthless, if untouched by thee,
This clod of human clay. E'en now the birth,
Not distant, in the womb of time, I see
Of nobler spirits, roused to higher life,
With zeal unwearied in that generous strife,
Till, crowned with light, thy star-gemmed banner waves
Wide o'er our land, no more the land of slaves.

II.

As well might noon with midnight darkness join,
As right with wrong. Repelling and repelled,
Their hostile elements not long are held
In friendly league. If seeming to combine,
'Tis seeming only: soon their powers are found,
In adverse ranks arrayed, on hostile ground.
How then can Freedom dwell, secure of right,
Where Slavery builds stern power on lawless might?
Proud, prompt, o'erbearing, scorning check, or bound,
The Master spirit brooks but ill the tone
Of adverse power: as little, mid the din
Of scourge and fetter, and the victim's groan,
Can Freedom rest content: she needs must win
Unquestioned power, or yield to Force alone.

III.

But force, not long, can freemen overawe:
When slave-shaped policy, and slave-nursed power
Win full domain, the Free States, from that hour,
How'er reluctant, from the league withdraw.
Laws are but means to ends; and, when these fail,
Paper and parchment bind not hearts, or hands.
Yet fear not thence disunion: on the sands
Though Slavery build her house, and force prevail
To plant injustice there, till proud it stands,
High as that visioned image of old day;

Yet mark th' event; a power, as of the stone
Cut without hands, is at the idol thrown,
And lo! it falls: its iron, brass, and clay,
Crumble to dust, and pass from earth away.

## PATRIOTISM.

For him who loves his country, and would fain
Lay life and fortune at her feet, content
For her to spend, and in her cause be spent,
How hard to find his patriot labours vain,
His cares with scorn repaid, or cold disdain:
Dungeoned, perchance, or, worse, an exile sent
The tears to shed of bitter banishment;
While servile millions mock his generous pain,
Howl o'er his fall, and hug their tyrant's chain.
Yet who but envies Aristides' doom,
Thy bowl, O Socrates! or Tully's end?
And who would change the martyred Sidney's tomb
For Charles' mirth, or James' bigot gloom?
So far can virtue lawless power transcend!

## THE GREAT.

### I.

Strong passions, under strong control, — these make
The great in action, — energies sublime,
Impulsive, fiery, which their course yet take
From reason's guidance. Watching sure their time,

The wise strike home, well aimed, their blows; nor break,
In blind entanglement of rash assault,
The force that, borne aright, unchecked might reach
Its aim desired. Though passion fierce may vault,
With sudden vigour, through the desperate breach,
'Tis coolness only, on the doubtful plain,
Can hold assured, what valour may attain.
Reason is sluggish; passion blind; and each,
While toiling singly, oft essays in vain
To win the prize, which both might easy gain.

II.

Oh envy not the Great! Unknown to thee
What slippery paths they tread, how dark the maze
Through which they wind; what bitter agony
They feel, of hope deferred; or worse, to see
The prize they deemed their own, the power, the praise,
The cherished hope of long laborious days,
Transferred, by one mischance, in evil hour,
To grace some hated rival's dreaded power.
This could'st thou see, thy fond admiring gaze
Would turn to pity; oft, perchance, allied
To generous scorn, at sight of towering pride
To meanness joined; the baseness that attends,
Too oft, on Power, contented, so he ride
O'er prostrate foes, to trample on his friends.

## III.

The Swedish statesman bade his son go see
With what small wisdom this great world is ruled!
And he, whose mind, in virtue early schooled,
Can pierce the forms, the outward bravery,
The tinsel splendours, and the tricks of state,
Will pity, oftener than revere, the Great.
Men are they, at the best; and seldom made
Wiser, or better, by the power they gain:
Shrewd, deep, sagacious? ofttimes shallow, vain,
Selfish, or false, betraying, and betrayed.
Yon mass, that seems a mountain from the plain,
Proves, nearer viewed, a fog-bank: by the night
Drawn upward from the vale, it melts, in light,
Back to its native nothingness again!

## IV.

Distance, that lessons objects to the eye,
Oft swells them to the fancy: few men seem,
Near seen, so great, as in the partial dream
Of distant admiration. Viewed too nigh,
Their faults stand forth obtrusive; and men spy
Flaws, and defects, and failings, which they deem
Monstrous in others, though their own lives teem,

Belike, with kindred faults. The thought was thine,
Macon! that he whose vision would retain
High views of human greatness, should remain
Still at safe distance, bowing at the shrine
Of power far seen; least nearer view of men,
Whose light shines dazzling on his distant ken,
Should strip them of the worth he deems divine.

## V.

Too oft 'tis so: too oft such pilgrims start
Back in despair, disconsolate to find
The cherished image, which their faith had shrined
In fond idolatry, a thing of art,
The slave of circumstance, who acts a part,
And plays the puppet. Such men have I seen,
Held great, yet worthless found, and weak as mean.
Yet doubt not thence of power; nor rashly close
Thy heart on human virtue: good, as great,
There are, whom thou may'st justly venerate;
True sons of genius, nor less truly foes
To baseness, seen in high or low estate:
These may'st those closely search, nor fear to view
Weak wavering minds, nor sordid hearts untrue.

## JOHN MARSHALL.

### I.

And this is one of them: go, hear his voice,
The still small voice of truth, expound,
In language lucid, as in thought profound,
The law's mysterious lore; while States rejoice
In that controling wisdom, and surround
Gladly his high tribunal, to demand
Impartial justice at his equal hand.
And who that here beholds that calm old man,
By pomp unheralded of high command,
Would deem his slightest breath could move the land,
And govern nations, more than armies can?
Fraud may evade, or force awhile withstand,
But Justice, at his nod, lifts high her scale,
Unawed, unbribed, and right and law prevail.

### II.

He much o'erlooks in Marshall, who but knows
The grave Chief Justice: clearer would'st thou scan,
Stripped of his ermine robe, the inner man,
Leave courts of law, and follow where he goes,
Intent on leisure, and the mind's repose.
There may'st thou see him, foremost in the throng,
Where pleasure wakes, at eve, her rural song,

At harvest home, or Christmas, with his friends;
Or, on the green, at bowls, or, blithe of cheer,
A keen quoit player, in his seventieth year!
While thus, in healthful sports, that mind unbends
Its giant grasp, whose slightest glance can clear
Law's darkest doubts, regard with reverence blends:
We love the man, nor less the sage revere.

## WILLIAM LOWNDES.

Amidst the herd of politicians loud,
Whose turbid eloquence is empty sound,
Heartless as false, and vain, or venal found,
Well may thy country, Lowndes! of thee be proud,
Whose virtues are thy talents. Not for fame,
For power, for partial purpose, dost thou toil,
Thy country's good thy sole unquestioned aim:
Nor e'er did sordid thought, or factious, soil
The pure mild lustre of thy stainless name.
Child-like, in true symplicity of mind
And purity of purpose, thou do'st blend
Caution with zeal, thy warmth with wisdom joined.
If bright names somewhat of their brightness lend,
Be this my boast, that Lowndes still calls me friend.

## JOHN SERGEANT.

Nor failed I to secure the kind regard
Of kindred merit; one, to Lowndes allied
In heart and feeling much, though sundered wide
In mind and manners; one, like him, who shared
The general confidence; not meanly tied,
By base compliance, to the winning side,
But still by virtue guided: mild, sedate,
Yet firm of purpose; high his generous aim,
Yet calm, unruffled, urging reason's claim,
With soft persuasive power, in words of weight:
Weighty, yet n'er with turbulence of sound,
Or frantic gesture, hurled in wrath around;
But falling gently, like the dews that sate [drowned.
Earth's thirsty plants, not drenched nor tempest

## JOHN RANDOLPH.

Who shall dissect thee, Randolph! or describe,
Dissected, thine unique anatomy?
In form and garb grotesque, in these we see
Fit emblems of a mind as strange. The tribe
Powhatan, whence thy lineage came, contained
No truer Indian: feelings, deep engrained,
Unshared by others, yet intense, were thine.

An Ishmaelite in soul, thy spirit spurned
The world's cold brotherhood; and yet there burned
The flame of human love, on that deep shrine,
Thy lonely heart: contemptuous with the vain,
And haughty with the proud, thy feelings yearned
For sympathy unfound, — till kindness turned
To gall of bitterness, that touched thy brain.

## II.

Yet in thy madness was there method too;
A keen sagacity, that won its way,
By reason less than instinct's subtile clue.
Sportive, censorious, grave alike or gay,
With aim unerring, to their quarry flew
Thy polished shafts, steel-tempered, flashing bright,
Like coruscations of the northern light,
Cold, dazzling, brilliant; by all eyes beheld
At once with mingled wonder, doubt, delight
At wit that won, and harshness that repelled.
Yet sad, though brilliant, was thy lonely part,
Chained, like Prometheus, to the barren rock,
Hand-gived, and fetter-limbed, to bide the shock,
Despair's grim vulture gnawing at thy heart.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

### I.

Son of that sire, whose fervent words gave life
To Independence, when a nation lay
In doubtful birth pangs, struggling into day;
Thou, on that sire's proud model formed, and rife
With patriot ardour, foremost still art found,
Foremost, and fearless, in the civic strife
For freedom, where her fiercest foes abound;
Careless of danger, so thy blows, well aimed,
Strike, in the contest, daring error down;
Till wrong exposed, and bigot passion tamed,
Yield, late but sure, the tribute of renown,
To fearless worth, and well trained talent due;
To worth, that patient waits, till time shall crown
With lasting praise, a life to virtue true.

### II.

Long have I marked thy course, and, many a time,
Held converse with thy free unguarded hours,
In days of trial, when the mingled powers
Of hope and fear, that slope the way to crime,
Had weaker minds seduced; but found thee bent
On generous deeds, with soaring thoughts sublime,
A statesman sage, on public cares intent.

Fierce round thee still the storm of faction roars,
Shattering thy boughs, yet leaving safe below
The roots unshaken; while thy proud trunk soars,
Rejoicing in the tempest, that but pours,
Idly its senseless rage, round limbs that grow,
Studier, in knarled strength, for storms that shed
Vainly their fury on that unscathed head.

III.

Thy large and liberal nature comprehends
All interests, rights, and duties of mankind:
Cold in the crowd, convivial with thy friends,
Gentle and placable, to mirth inclined,
Yet prompt, intrepid, stern, when guilt offends,
Or wrong calls down rebuke, — thy genius blends,
In union rare, the rugged and refined,
The light and lofty; learning, fancy, skill,
Wisdom to guide, and courage to fulfil;
Courage, not merely of the camp and field,
But nobler far, the rarer courage shown
In halls of state, — that, throwing wide its shield
O'er truth assailed, disdains to fly or yield:
By hosts beset, yet victor, though alone.

## ANDREW JACKSON.

### I.

It is not intellect, the reasoning power,
That governs man; nor sleight of subtile skill;
But moral strength, th' indomitable will;
Which, whether fortune smile, or danger lower,
Is bent alike its purpose to fulfil.
The men, who, be their mission good or ill,
Have ruled mankind, in each decisive hour,
Are those, Napoleon-like, who triumph still
By boldly daring. When, to cooler minds,
The way seems dark, or doubtful, in the height
Of fixed resolve, the hardy spirit finds
The strength it needs; and governs in the might,
(Which learning cannot give, nor skill supply,)
Of steadfast purpose, bent to win, or die.

### II.

With adamantine heart, and nerves of steel,
That bow inferior natures to fulfil
Thy high behests, mere vassals of thy will,
Tis thine, undoubting chief! through life to feel
That warrior passion, that untiring zeal,
Which lives in daily combat. Not for thee
The quiet joys of calm tranquillity
Have power to charm, like scenes of contest high,

With doubt and danger mixed. Yet not with gall
That heart is charged; nor burns in vain that eye,
Which flashed, with stern delight, at danger nigh.
Thy warlike virtue could, at freedom's call,
Fling wide thy banner, on the outward wall,
To wave in triumph, till her foemen fly.

## HENRY CLAY.

### I.

Cool in design, as ardent in debate,
To thee hath nature given, in ample dower,
Prompt fearful thoughts, and words of blandest power,
Skilful alike to soothe, or agitate.
And then what music thy rich voice to hear!
So varied, from those trumpet notes, far thrown,
Sonorous, thrilling, to that gentlest tone
Of lute-like melody, that, melting near,
Lulls the wrapt sense, serenely soft as clear.
Nor less the observer, in thy form and face,
Each change of feeling and of thought can trace;
The full accord of body and of mind,
To eye alike addressed and listening ear,
Look, language, gesture in one charm combined.

II.

Nor skilled alone, in vehement debate,
To sweep the field of conflict, or assail
With wit's light weapons, where such arms avail,
Thine, or thy country's foes, but on thee wait
Reason's controlling powers, judgment sedate,
And far pervading thought. With spirit free,
And prompt to hasty anger, yet endued
With needful skill, and arts of policy,
That force repel, and snares of fraud elude,
Tis thine a nation's strifes to compromise;
Adroit in steering still mid adverse aims,
Successful thence esteemed, and hailed as wise:
Yet true accord from right alone can rise,
Never from yielding to ill founded claims.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

I.

Like some august, and deathless work of old,
In bronze renowned, or Parian marble wrought,
Hero, or demi god, where chiselled bold,
Robust, Herculean, we with awe behold
Each feature pregnant with o'ermastering thought,
Such majesty of might dwells, Webster! now,
In thy proud front, in that commanding brow,

Those Atlantean shoulders, and that eye,
With fire far flashing, like the scorching ray
Of Mars armipotent, — while battling high
With dangerous error, holding still thy way,
In stern arbitriment of deadly fray,
Triumphant as, of late, thou stood'st o'er Hayne,
Like Phœbus, radiant from the Python slain.

II.

Thus proudly eminent, above the rest,
In shape and gesture, thy capacious mind
Seems emblemed in thy body, strength combined
With majesty of state; so clear imprest
Hath nature blazoned on that ample crest,
Her charter of high power. Thy deeds have won
Enduring fame; and time for thee hath twined
The wreaths that fade not. Life's prime duty done,
Thy country served, what matters it, the while,
If storms thy course assail, and fortune's smile
Shine not auspicious on thy lofty prow;
Yet doubt not thence success: if highest power
On worth await, thou yet, in happy hour,
May'st add, well won, that garland to thy brow.

## THE POTOMAC.

Tis sweet to roam, this sabbath day,
When public cares no more molest,
From legislative halls away,
To quiet scenes of nature's rest;
From glare of city pomp to stray
By broad Potomac's azure breast;
Indulging free, while fancy's dream
Flows broad and bright, as here the stream.

Here, by thy pure and tranquil flow,
I 'scape, fair stream! awhile the strife,
The mingled sounds of joy and wo,
The conflict dire of public life,
Wherewith ambition's realms are rife;
As lone along thy banks I go,
More pleased, than in yon hall to hear
The daily din that pains mine ear.

What care I now for fierce debate,
For clouds of anger, that unfold
Their lowering skirts of scorn and hate
Round yonder hill; since I behold
How soon yon sun can dissipate
Far denser clouds than e'er were rolled
By men, skilled only to dispense
Mock thunders of froth eloquence.

Thy gentle voice resounding here,
As slow I pace thy pebbly shore,
Recalls past scenes, to memory dear;
Till fancy, as in days of yore,
Seems listening to my native stream,
Mid rocks remote, where many a year,
Its echoes charmed my childhood's ear,
And fill, e'en yet, my waking dream.

Ah! wherefore leave that humble rill,
For broader streams of loftier name?
Why seek, on yonder noisy hill,
The flitting shade of empty fame;
The glittering prize, which thousands claim,
Whose vain pursuit, is answered still
By cold neglect, or proud disdain,
Where many seek, what few can gain.

Yon water fowl, that soaring high,
Leaves now thy wave, to wing his flight,
From western stream, or southern sky,
To arctic waters, soon may light
Beside my home. oh! were the might
Of that wing mine, how would I fly,
From angry strife of wordy men,
To nestle in my native glen!

Fair stream! I do thy genius wrong,
To talk of strife along thy path;
Where deep, transparent, smooth, yet strong,
Unknown alike to pride and wrath,

Thy waters roll in light along,
Untroubled, calm ; while in mine ear
Thy gentle ripple murmurs here,
Like echoes of some sabbath song.

And such it is, to lonely heart,
Long pained with thoughts of absence drear ;
Constrained from joys of home to part,
From wife, from child, from kindred dear ;
To meet, instead, but rivals here,
And witness oft the bitter smart
Of hope deferred, and efforts vain,
That writhe ambition's fevered brain.

Then, oh ! my love ! in hours like this,
How yearns the lonely heart for rest ;
The heart, that knows no earthly bliss,
Like home, — the home thy love hath blest :
And one is there, by thee carest,
Who n'er has felt a father's kiss ;
My boy, — seen but in dreams by me,
Whom fain these arms would clasp with thee.

## FAREWELL TO WASHINGTON.

### I.

I stood, — 'twas the last time, — beneath the dome
Superb, of that proud Capitol, where I,
Mid shifting scenes, and projects strange as high,
So long had sojourned, that I seemed at home:
For the last time, and soon afar to roam.
Regret saddened my brow; for who can leave
Friends long beloved, familiar scenes, nor grieve
At parting thence? Yet brief that pang, as vain:
No blight of frustrate hopes, no schemes destroyed
Of high ambition, came to swell that pain.
Six busy winters well had been enjoyed,
In cheerful service; serious with the grave,
And sportive with the gay; nor tool, nor slave,
To power, or party; happy, so employed.

### II.

If unambitious, fond of privacy,
Amidst contending factions, I have been
Spectator more than actor in the scene,
I have not less, perchance, with curious eye,
The springs of action marked, — the powers that rule
Man's wayward course, — a student in the school
Of public life, its nature to descry;

A near observer oft of words and deeds,
Once deemed important, and of some, not yet
Forgotten quite ; though soon the crowd forget,
As time rolls on, and scene to scene succeeds.
Enough, that I have seen the engine play,
And watched its movements, many a busy day ;
Nor felt, at parting, e'en an hour's regret.

III.

No fool to favour, bound to bend the knee,
In ready homage, to the changing whim
Of great or small, to many, or to him,
The monarch of an hour, whose word must be
Long as his power endures, the crowd's decree,
Early I sought a surer judge to find
Of public duty ; the reflecting mind
And inward sense of right. If honor came,
For good intentions, or good service done,
The world's best recompense, an honest name,
'Twas grateful, given by many, or by one :
But far more grateful, harder to attain,
The heart's calm verdict for itself to gain,
Than wealth more rich, more glorious e'en than fame.

IV.

I sought not lofty aims, nor strove to reach
Ambition's gauds, high office, wealth, or fame :
Sufficed it, if, within, I urged the claim
Of self dominion ; if my heart could teach

Its own desires submission. As a child,
Barred from the mother's milk, is reconciled,
Though loath, to quit at length the breast, my soul,
Composed and quieted, is weaned, at last,
Ambition! from thy side. The hope is past,
The hope and the desire, to win the goal,
Where, wrapt in dust, thy fiery chariots roll,
With shout and execration, mid the blast
Of whirlwind passions. Rather would I rest,
Affection! pillowed on thy gentle breast.

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## CONCLUSION.

And have I reached, how soon! the dreaded line,
Where manhood verges on the bounds of age?
That full meridian passed, whence life's decline
Must downward travel, on each onward stage?
Well, be it so: 'tis folly to repine;
And gladly I to younger years resign
The cares, the joys, which should those years engage.

And thou, whose partial eye has followed still
My devious course, kind reader! fare thee well.
If shade or sunshine, mingled good or ill,
Await me yet, the muse, ere long, may tell,
So thou approve, nor age her ardour chill.
Enough, if met again, our path must lay
Adown the vale, till twilight close on day.

# NOTES.

### Practice, p. 19.

William Plumer, Jeremiah Smith, Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster, (naming them in the order of their ages) were members of the Rockingham Bar, while I was a student, and after my admission there. It would not have been easy to find, at any other County Court, four such men as there met in frequent and earnest encounter with each other. Learning, wit, eloquence, powers of reasoning, and proofs of industrious research, were displayed, not seldom, on that narrow scene, which would have been more admired, on a broader stage. Of one of these distinguished men, it would not become me here to speak; the others do not need it at my hands.

### The Loss of Early Friends, p. 23.

Soon after leaving College, and while the ties of affection, which classmates so generally feel for each other, were still unimpaired, I lost several of those early friends, with whom I had been most intimately connected at Cambridge. I have here endeavoured to commemorate their virtues — not with the expectation of making them personally interesting to the reader; but in the belief that correct delineation, just sentiment, and natural emotion (if I am so fortunate as to exhibit any of these) will lose none of their effect, from being considered as the genuine expression of true feeling, growing out of facts; instead of the mere effusions of fancy, which might otherwise have taken their places.

### The Ancestral Seat, p. 53.

Francis Plumer, who took the Freemen's Oath at Boston, in 1632, was one of the original grantees of the town of Newbury in Massachusetts. Several of his descendants still live on the spot which he selected,

and one of them in the house which he built. Descendants from the same common ancestor are to be found in many parts of the Union. Five of them have been Members of Congress, from three different States.

### Slavery, p. 122.

The Almighty has no attribute, which can take sides with us in such a contest. *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

### The Great III, p. 129.

Vides, mi fili, quam parvula sapientia regitur mundus.

*Oxenstiern.*

### The Great, IV, p. 129.

Nathaniel Macon, who was thirty seven years a member of Congress from North Carolina, used to say that the great men of the country were no where thought so little of, as at Washington; and no where more highly estimated, than in the pine barrens of North Carolina. They looked best, he said, at the convenient distance of five hundred miles! This is the old saying, in a new form, that no man is a hero to his valet.

### ERRATA.

P. 34, L. 3, for thy *read* his.
97, 15, Ausorian, *read* Ausonian.
117, 1, brain *read* beam.

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